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American Social Science Writing

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

THAT SCIENCE has had an important influence on American writing is, of course, a commonplace. One thinks offhand of the influence of Darwin and Spencer on Jack London; of Dreiser's preoccupation with the mechanistic concepts of late nineteenth century scientific thinking; and, in more recent times, of John Steinbeck's semi-professional interest in marine biology. In the last two decades new developments in psychology and psycho-analysis have been widely influential (see, for example, *Freudianism and the Literary Mind* by Dr. Frederick John Hoffman). But the most stimulating field of inter-acting influences would seem to be in the relation between the social sciences and American writing, a relation which has never been systematically explored.

I

The basic discipline in the social sciences, that of sociology itself, is a comparative newcomer on the scientific scene. Sociology came into being in the nineteenth century as a form of protest against the abstractions both of the sciences studying separate institutional systems and of psychology which was preoccupied with the individual. The recency of the discipline may be shown by the fact that the *American Journal of Sociology* was founded in 1895, while the American Sociological Association was not formed until 1905. In an effort to establish itself as "a science of society," sociology has had to struggle continuously to emancipate itself from the curious

hodge-podge of ideas from which it initially emerged.

As part of this struggle for emancipation two trends developed which have had an important influence on the social sciences. The first of these related to the development of the anthropological concept of culture which proved to be an invaluable tool for the analysis of social phenomena. This concept is used, as Dr. Robert Lynd has pointed out, to refer "to all the things that a group of people inhabiting a common geographical area do, the way they do things and the ways they think and feel about things, their material tools and their values and symbols." In this sense, the concept consists of three parts: ideas, behavior, and material things. In describing the culture of primitive tribes, anthropologists try to bring back a report of what the people think, what they do, and what they have, as a group—that is, the things they possess. Fortunately the subject matter of anthropology left it free, as Dr. Lynd notes, "to put all social science to work on the functionally related whole of single cultures." Studying small, remote, so-called "primitive groups," the anthropologists had great freedom of inquiry since few vested interests were affected. As Dr. Lynd puts it, "the anthropologist was left free to walk in, look around, and ask such novel questions as, 'How does the life of these people hang together as a functioning whole?'" This was, of course, the question of questions, the question that the other social science disciplines had been avoiding by their ever-increas-

ing specialization and their emphasis on method.

Eventually it occurred to a few American social scientists that this same method of study might be applied to modern American communities. *Middletown*, published in 1929, is generally regarded as the pioneer study of this type, although it is rather heavily weighted on the purely sociological side. A better example of the application of anthropological techniques in the investigation of modern communities may be found in the *Yankee City* studies by Dr. W. Lloyd Warner and his associates. Through an increasing preoccupation with the concept of culture, two important fields of integrated inquiry thus emerged in the American social sciences, namely, cultural anthropology and social anthropology, both of which have a special relevance to American writing.

These new disciplines, however, were somewhat inclined to emphasize the concept of culture in a rather abstract manner, as though "culture" were a thing-in-itself, existing independently of the people in whose lives it finds expression. This emphasis proved to be misleading since, as Dr. Lynd points out, "the culture does not enamel its fingernails, or vote, or believe in capitalism, but people do, and some do and some do not." The correction came, interestingly enough, from still another field which, by its nature, permitted wide freedom of inquiry, namely, from the psychological study of the pre-school period of childhood. Here was an area of life not pre-empted by any scholarly discipline, in which "no professors had established equities in theoretical systems, lecture notes, and textbooks," where the business system had made "no demands as to what these little people should be made to buy or how they should be made to vote." From research in this field came the modern concept of personality, emphasizing the importance of how individuals learn, how they are acculturated to a cultural pat-

tern; in short, the inter-action between individual behavior and the cultural pattern. It has been the emergence in recent years of these twin concepts of culture and personality that has given "social science" a more precise meaning. For personality and culture, the head and the tail of a single coin, constitute the basic field of inquiry for the social sciences.

II

It can be instantly recognized that the social sciences, because of their abiding interest in culture and personality, are pre-eminently *the* scientific disciplines of greatest interest to writers. The novelist, for example, is basically preoccupied with these same concepts although he gives them different labels, such as, "character" and "background." Culture and personality are primarily concerns of the biographer and, in a sense, of the critic, the social historian, and, in fact, of any writer whose intention is to explain a person or to reconstruct an event. In studying individual behavior, social scientists ask fundamentally the same question as the novelist, namely, "What Makes Sammy Run?" Since the novelist must always ask, of a character, what is he like and how did he get this way, the social sciences can provide important guides and hints for both lines of inquiry.

This is not to say, of course, that the scope of the novelist's interest is precisely the same as that of the social scientist. "It goes without saying," to quote Dr. E. R. A. Seligman, "that art as a creative activity stands in contrast with science, whose objective is analysis and understanding. But artistic creation is dominated by values and these are, at least in part, of social origin. In the history of art there is much that helps to explain "social institutions, and vice versa. No one who wishes to understand the operation of social laws in the modern world can afford to overlook the evidence offered by art." But just as the

social scientist can hardly afford to overlook the evidence offered by the arts, so the artist cannot afford to ignore, in this complex world, the hints, clues, and insights provided by the social sciences.

Writers have much to gain by cultivating a sharp awareness of the concept of culture as it is used by social scientists. Immersed in their material, preoccupied with technical problems, they do not always sense what is implicit in character and what is blithely taken for granted simply because it is part of the culture, part of the social system. On the other hand, the primary concern of the social anthropologist is precisely with the items which are taken for granted. "If we would discover the little backstairs doors," writes Carl Becker, "that for any age serve as the secret entranceway to knowledge, we will do well to look for certain unobtrusive words with uncertain meanings that are permitted to slip off the tongue or the pen without fear and without research; words which, having from constant repetition lost their metaphorical significance, are unconsciously taken for objective realities. . . . In each age these magic words have their entrances and their exits."

Most novelists, it seems to me, would profit from an understanding of such concepts of anthropological research as the cultural trait, the cultural complex, and the cultural province. While novelists often show an awareness of these concepts, usually under different labels, there is something to be gained by a conscious knowledge of how such concepts are defined and used by social scientists. Some familiarity with the social sciences can also serve to warn the novelist of the illusions implicit in racial, and cultural, and ethnic stereotypes. So great a novelist as Theodore Dreiser once shocked his readers by revealing a marked hostility toward Jews. In fact novelists are partly responsible for the circumstance, once pointed out by Maurice Samuel, that the stereotype of the

Jew has been "worked into the cultural mind of the western world." Aldous Huxley has a character say, in *Those Barren Leaves*, "Why do I work here? In order that Jewish stock-brokers may exchange their Rovers for Armstrong-Siddeleys, buy the latest jazz-records and spend the week-end in Brighton?" Why, in this context, should Huxley write *Jewish* stock-brokers? Or one finds Edith Wharton describing a character in *The House of Mirth* in this way: "He was a plump rosy man of the blond Jewish type, with smart London clothes fitting him like upholstery, and small sidelong eyes which gave him the air of appraising people as if they were bric-a-brac." Is there "a blond Jewish type" possessed of these characteristics? Here is the way Thomas Wolfe describes a character in *Of Time and The River*, ". . . a dreary, gray, and hopeless-looking Jew . . . The whole flag and banner of his race was in the enormous putty-colored nose." This character, we are told, grins "with Kike delight" and has "a cruel grinning Yiddish face." If Wolfe had ever read *The Ghetto* by Dr. Louis Wirth or had he been sharply aware of the function of stereotypes of this sort in our culture, he might have avoided this particular stereotype.

That writers have been able to learn from social scientists, and in the process to deepen the scope and meaning of their art, can be documented in at least one notable case. In the introduction to *Black Metropolis*, Richard Wright points out that when he first arrived in Chicago from Mississippi he lived "half hungry and afraid in a city to which I had fled with the dumb yearning to write, to tell my story. But I did not know what my story was, and it was not until I stumbled upon science that I discovered some of the meanings of the environment that battered and taunted me. I encountered the work of men who were studying the Negro community, amassing facts about urban Negro life, and I found that sincere

art and honest science were not far apart, that each could enrich the other. The huge mountains of fact filed up by the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago gave me my first concrete vision of the forces that molded the urban Negro's body and soul. . . . It was from the scientific findings of men like the late Robert E. Park, Robert Redfield, and Louis Wirth that I drew the meanings for my documentary work, *12,000,000 Black Voices*; for my novel *Native Son*; it was from their scientific facts that I absorbed some of that quota of inspiration necessary for me to write *Uncle Tom's Children* and *Black Boy*." Throughout Wright's work social science insights have been skillfully fused with the materials of the story; used to invest these materials with a richness of meaning; worked into the fabric of the story itself.

There is really nothing novel in the suggestion that writers can learn from the social sciences. H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw received their initial creative impulse from the Fabian brand of social science. The ideas of the Webbs and of Graham Wallas gave point and sharpness to their perceptions; raised the right questions in their thinking; and opened up new worlds for exploration. In fact, the weakness of their art can be traced in part to the weakness of Fabianism as a social science. Wells was one of the first to point out the short-comings of the Fabians as scientists. "What is called the scientific method," he wrote, "the method of observation, of theory about these observations, experiments in verifications of that theory and confirmation or modification, really 'comes off' in the sciences in which the individuality of the units can be pretty thoroughly ignored." This was simply his way of saying that Fabianism was not buttressed by a real psychology, which was, indeed, a major weakness.

III

If writers have tended to ignore the

social sciences, it is equally apparent that social scientists have largely overlooked the mines of material pertinent to their studies and investigations to be found in American writing, all the way from the pulp magazines to the latest products of the painful-experience school of American fiction; from Superman, that is, to *The Snakepit* and *The Lost Week-End*.

Dr. W. Lloyd Warner has himself pointed out that the task of studying social mobility in American life has been largely left to novelists with the scientists showing only a mild interest in this phase of modern society. Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* might be described as a classic analysis of social mobility. That American novelists can be expert social psychologists, meriting study as such, can be shown by reference to Walter Van Tilburg Clark's fine novel about a lynching, *The Ox Bow Incident*.

One could piece together an extremely interesting analysis of the American status system, as its outlines began to emerge in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century, from the sadly neglected novels and stories of Henry Blake Fuller. *On the Stairs*, published in 1918, is an interesting account of how two men, from the same middle western background, experienced a reversal of roles in the period from 1873 to 1916. The "stairs" of the title might be said to symbolize the escalator of social mobility in American life. Other novelists who have shown an acute awareness of the American status system are J. P. Marquand and Booth Tarkington (notably in *Alice Adams*). There is at least some circumstantial evidence to indicate that Marquand's *Wickford Point* was based in part on the *Yankee City* study by Dr. Warner. Nor is it only in reference to social mobility and status that novelists have shown exceptional insight. Nathan Glazer has correctly pointed out that, on the subject of prejudice, American social scientists have often "shown less understanding than some of the serious literary men" and

cites, to support the statement, two stories dealing with anti-Semitism by John Berryman and Delmore Schwartz (*Commentary*, May, 1946). While social scientists have neglected American writing as a source of materials pertinent to their investigations, they have begun to give serious attention to certain aspects of American fiction (see, for example, an article on "Recent American Divorce Novels 1938-1943" by James H. Barnett and Rhoda Gruen, *Social Forces*, March, 1948, p. 322).

Criticism that gets beneath the surface of things is always informed by a system of ideas. The critic has a point of view; he makes certain assumptions; he assumes certain values. In the last quarter century, Humanism, Marxism, and Freudianism seem to have been the principal systems-of-ideas used by the critics of American writing. Each system has contributed new insights but has eventually been discredited by a lopsided emphasis. To date the fresh insights developed by the social sciences have not been systematically applied to a criticism of American writing. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* is often labeled "sociological" criticism but it is really pre-sociological in character. Parrington worked in the tradition of Taine and such sociology as he possessed was of the Comptean variety. For example, he mentions Veblen only three times, and then merely in passing, as "a rebel," as "a thinker," and as "a philosophical analyst." Two years before the first volume of Parrington's work was published, the late V. F. Calverton published a volume entitled, *The Newer Spirit: a Sociological Criticism of Literature*. In this instance, "sociological criticism" was simply a euphemism for a very crude variety of Marxist criticism. So far as I know, few attempts have been made to apply the techniques of social and cultural anthropology to the criticism of American writing but at least one such attempt, an article by John Miller MacLachlan on

"William Faulkner and the Southern Folk," which appeared in the *Southern Folklore Quarterly* for September, 1945, indicates that it can be done in a most interesting and stimulating manner.

Scientific disciplines aid the critic as ideological extensions of his own perceptions; they do not function as substitute for critical insight. Some knowledge of psychoanalysis may help the critic, as Herbert Read has said, to realize "more quickly and more reasonably than the normal man would realize from his own experience, such facts as the subjectivity of love and the general law of determinism in which all our emotions and ideals are bound," but it will never serve as a substitute for literary taste and discernment; the final judgment must remain a literary judgment. In much the same way, scientific insights can only aid the artist as indirect influences or extensions of his own understanding. "What actually happens to a writer," asks Dr. Frederick Hoffman, "when, after a long period of preliminary discussion and thought, he submits to the aesthetic necessity of his art? He does not usually begin by lining up representative texts on his table, and piecing together fragments from them. Great works of art do not result from such a procedure. The creative artist is first of all aware of the *idea* to which he hopes to give aesthetic form of one sort or another. His use of suggestions from the world from which he has momentarily absented himself will depend upon his recognition of their relevance to his mastery and view of the idea. Theory is thus inferior to aesthetic practice at the moment of such practice. . . . No work of art can come simply from an understanding of any field, no matter how intimately related it may be to the preoccupations of the artist." On the other hand, if the artist understands the relevance of scientific insights to the idea he is endeavoring to master, these insights can be immensely helpful.

Specialization of function, with its

fragmentation of experience, has been carried to the point of absurdity in our society. The drive of modern science has been to isolate "smaller and smaller variables" and to study these in the greatest possible detail. It would be possible, I think, to trace a similar drive in modern writing, namely, to isolate "smaller and smaller variables" through the use of novel stylistic devices and techniques. Yet both scientists and writers have always recognized what Dr. Lynd calls "the inescapable interrelatedness of things." Henry James once said that "really, universally, relations stop nowhere, and the exquisite problem of the artist is eternally but to draw, by a geometry of his own, the circle within which they shall happily appear to do so." To write history today one must be something of a psychologist, anthropologist, economist, sociologist, geographer, biologist, political scientist, and whatnot, simply because of the necessity of coming to grips with this "inescapable interrelatedness of things."

While it would be wrong, I suppose, to contend that writers must nowadays know more than ever before, it would be true to say that there are more things to be known. The burden cast on the writer is certainly no greater than that which is cast on the scientist. "The business of the architect," writes Lewis Mumford, "is building and not sociology; but he can approach his goal today only to the extent that he understands the nature of modern society." And the same observation holds true for the writer, whether he is a novelist, a critic, a biographer, or a social historian. "If the school teachers need to be educated for the days that are coming," writes Harrison Smith, "so do the writers. We live in a time when the scientist and his discoveries are beginning to dominate our whole existence and even to mark the period of our dissolution. A breed of writers must be evolved who are capable of translating the words and the symbols of science into intelligible sentences and of giving them a mean-

ing for the masses of which even the scientist himself may not be aware. . . . "Thirty or forty years ago it was within the scope of the knowledge of, let us say, Theodore Dreiser to write *The Titan* and *The Financier*. But where is the popular American novelist today who knows enough to use Wall Street or international finance as his subject matter." Just as science, in this case social science, can enable the writer to come to a new understanding of the society in which he lives, so writers can help science at its most vulnerable point which, as Dr. Frederick Wertham has pointed out, is also its growing edge, namely, its relation to society. "As art for art's sake loses ground," to quote Dr. Wertham, "it becomes more and more clear that literature can be a link between science and society." It is at this point, it seems to me, that American writing and the social sciences join hands.

In a scientific age, we need to be reminded that the difference between science and art is often more apparent than real. "The idea of a gulf between art and science," wrote Charles Horton Cooley, "as things different in kind, seems to be recent. Leonardo da Vinci, with his attainments in mathematics and physics, being a great painter withal, reveals no sense of it, but looks upon all his studies as *science* or branches of knowledge. The basis of our view seems to be that the sciences are cumulative, an imperishable and ever-increasing structure, while the arts bloom and die like flowers. . . . It is a sound distinction, because practical, but not so sharp as is commonly imagined. . . . Indeed as processes of mind in the worker science and art are much the same; both occupy themselves with a precise study of facts; in both man seeks to interpret and reconstruct nature after patterns of his own; both, in the pursuit of truth, rise above the tumult of the hour to serene and "lasting aims." This similarity of process, Cooley went on to

say, was greatest in relation to the social sciences, for "while science seeks to discover a fact or relation which can be shown to all by experiment, art aims to express a personal vision of truth which can be shared by sympathy. One minimizes personality, the other exalts it. Yet they overlap in dealing with human life, for here the facts themselves are personal and experience becomes sympathy. Are the maxims of La Rochefoucauld science

or art? And how about William James' psychology?" As a final observation, he added: "Science steps more assuredly than art, but its path is narrower; it cannot deal with life in its fullness. And so the humanistic studies—history, literature, psychology, sociology—can be sciences only as to detail; when they interpret life largely they are arts. But indeed all science becomes art when it passes to the construction of truth."



"The Faithfuls"

SAMUEL SALKO

Vienna Paradise Lost

By ALFRED WERNER

POST-WAR VIENNA is a city of, and for, Surrealists. Typifying this is a house on Falkestrasse, a few hundred yards from the famous Ringstrasse. Actually it is half a house: the other half was neatly blown away during an air-raid, so that the remainder looks like an open stage set. The occupants, however, are not greatly disturbed by the loss of fifty per cent of their lebensraum. After all, through the longitudinal cut in their living room, the Muellers get more air and sunshine than they ever received before, even when they were living under the First Republic. After the bombardment, the Muellers simply posted red potted geraniums along the break—and went on living. It's a little drafty, on cold winter days, but you can't *always* have sunshine. . .

Visitors from abroad are shown this house with an almost morbid pride. Salvador Dali or Peter Blume should paint it. Marc Chagall, coming to Vienna, would recall the little dream-Vitebsk of his youth, with its illogical absurdities, and, seeing the Muellers in their foolish glory, remember his grandfather who was once found on top of a pointed roof, happily munching a carrot. But the Muellers aren't happy, they just go on living like the 1,700,000 other desperate, cynical, or moronically contented Viennese, unable or unwilling to provide more than makeshift solutions, skilfully camouflaged with flowers.

Revisiting my native city last summer, as an American citizen, I could hardly recognize it. How it has changed in less than a decade! It is not merely a question

of physical change. After all, as compared to Frankfort-on-Main or Nuremberg (not to mention Berlin), Vienna has suffered little in the war. True, it badly needs more plastic surgery. While some streets are no longer cluttered by ruins, as they were in 1945, when the victorious Red Army took over, and certain buildings have orderly bricks filling the former gaps, there are still many blocks where the debris overflows onto the sidewalks, and others that are closed off, because any sudden gust of wind could bring the walls a-tumbling down, and make whole buildings collapse.

But it was not the ruins that disturbed and shocked me. It was rather the nightmarish mixture of beauty and horror, of unbelievable fantasy and stark reality, that made me so often wonder whether I was not in the midst of a bad dream, precipitated by an upset stomach, and dreamt by a refugee in his brown-stone house in midtown Manhattan. I walked up to the Auslaender-Restaurant (restaurant for foreigners) atop the Kahlenberg in the celebrated Wienerwald, to see again the beloved panorama of my city—the shimmering maze of steep roofs, churches and cathedrals, of parks and vineyards. But to my disgust, there rose in the background an ugly gray mass, the Flakturm, or ack-ack-tower, which the Nazis had built in the heart of Leopoldstadt, the former ghetto. Imagine a beautiful picture by Canaletto slashed from behind by a gorilla! Or I stood on the Morzinplatz, facing the heap of debris which had once been the Hotel Metropol, and then the Gestapo headquarters, where

such headliners as Chancellor Schuschnigg and Baron Rothschild were kept prisoners. But instead of feeling satisfaction over the destruction of this building (where I, too, had been obliged to spend several hours of sheer fright and horror), I merely beguiled myself by looking at the metal pieces sticking out of the rubble. They seemed to me like some nightmare of modern sculpture, the forms of pitiable creatures bent and broken by inexplicable pains. . .

I have talked to elderly Viennese who remember the somewhat artificial and preposterous glamor of the Imperial capital, as well as the sad, cold, and famished Vienna of 1919. "After World War I, many of us thought that our city was doomed forever," an old man said to me. "We thought it would be a second Bruges, living (or rather starving) on its grand past. But then, a few years later, everything looked almost 'normal' again. The unstable paper krone had been replaced by the silver shilling. The schlagobers (whipped cream) was again available in our cafés. *Der lieber Augustin*, it seemed, had emerged from the pit virtually unscathed. But now there is no happy resurrection, *der lieber Augustin* is condemned to drown in the *dreck*. And you know why? Because there is blood on his hands, and poison in his soul!"

The old man referred, of course, to that famous character, named Lieber Augustin, who is well known even beyond the borders of Austria. *Der lieber Augustin*, who lived in Vienna centuries ago, was a drunkard who wore a broad-brimmed hat with a goose feather, a ragged coat, and ripped trousers with the pockets hanging out, while his bagpipe swung from his neck and left shoulder. When the plague ravaged the city and the corpses lay piled in the streets, he was picked up for dead, while lying drunk in an alley. He was thrown into a ditch, which served as a makeshift burial ground, and lay there, sound asleep. When he awoke, he managed to

crawl out from under the dead and, to the great surprise of the guards again appeared in the streets, playing his Dudelsack and singing his famous song, "O, du lieber Augustin."

Though I was still a child, I can remember the Vienna that gloomily accepted the armistice of 1918: no church bells rang, no fire-works nor torchlight parades celebrated the long-desired peace. It had come at last, but it meant defeat, famine and turmoil, hatred and confusion. Hundreds of thousands of demobilized soldiers poured into what had once been the illustrious capital of Europe's second-largest empire, and turned it into a volcano of anti-Hapsburg revolution. These hollow-cheeked, wild-eyed ex-warriors had arrived by every imaginable means of transportation—cattle cars, trucks, motor-cycles, bicycles, even hay-wagons which they had "borrowed" from farms behind the rapidly crumbling front.

There was a great deal of demoralization in Vienna even three decades ago. And the prosperity that started in the mid-twenties and lasted until the Big Crash of 1929 was not a real one. True, the Social Democratic city administration tried very hard to get rid of the Vienna that was not in the Baedeker, namely, the Vienna of dirty and over-crowded slums which housed the vast majority of the population, the masses who toiled for a small minority which enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and furnished the world with the illusion of a purely Phaeacian city. What this progressive administration accomplished through the construction of large hygienic apartment houses, with day-nurseries, mechanical laundries, auditoriums, movies, and circulating libraries, is commonly known. So is the city fathers' successful fight against the "Vienna sickness,"—tuberculosis. But the character of the Viennese could not be changed within a decade or so. Though some fanatical prophets thundered against the people's irritating lassitude and indolence, they could not change the intel-

lectual sluggishness which passed as *Gemuettlichkeit*, the insincerity, the avoidance of controversies and convictions, which enabled many Viennese to turn quickly from staunch Monarchists to staunch Socialists, to staunch *Vaterlaendische* (Fatherland Frontists), to staunch Nazis, and, finally, to staunch admirers of the Allies.

In its most crucial hours Vienna wasn't Prague, even though the new Austria now insists that it was another Czechoslovakia. Among those now walking aimlessly through the streets, indulging in morbid self-pity, there are quite a few who worked actively for the coming of Hitler. As for the vast majority, they were just "innocent bystanders," that is to say, they made up the heartlessly grinning crowds on *Kaertnerstrasse* and *Graben* who watched victims of the Nazi system scrubbing the streets under kindly SA supervision. Shall we forget those Austrian policemen and SS men who, in order to please their superiors, outdid their German colleagues in brutality and bestiality?

Fate has punished the Viennese. The Allied air raids were bad enough—but more than that, the Viennese have lost whatever good qualities they once possessed. Of course, this fact may escape the casual visitor, who is satisfied if, in 1948, the waiters and chamber-maids accept tips with the same deep bow and melodious "*Kuess die Hand, danke schoen*," that his father had noticed during his stay in Vienna in 1913. But I, born and reared in the city, did not stay in any of the hotels reserved for American visitors, and I had not returned to Vienna to amuse myself, as tourists do.

Nor did I go to the museums. But for hours I sat in the cafés on the *Ringstrasse* (where you can get even real coffee for a price that seems enormous to the *Normalverbraucher*, the impecunious Viennese entitled to his meagre normal rations only), or in the *Volkskaffees* in the industrial suburbs (where they sell a foul

black concoction and call it coffee), talking to people, watching people pass by. And what was my impression? That I was sitting in a provincial theater where, with insufficient settings, a tragedy called "Vienna" was being performed by hillbillies, with a sprinkling of unsavory characters employed as ham actors.

Has Tyrol conquered Vienna? Imagine New York's Fifth Avenue taken over completely by Kentucky backwoodsmen in local garb—and you know what the *Ringstrasse* looks like today. Once upon a time it was a parade of men and women wearing their best, elegantly, though not flashily dressed. Often the material was poor, but Viennese tailors and dress-makers had a knack of making something out of nothing; and the Viennese, from *Burgomaster Seitz*—who, despite his Marxist creed, did not mind being called Vienna's best-dressed man—down to the smallest clerk, were masters in the art of dressing.

Perhaps the fact that, today, every second Viennese wears a drab Alpine jacket, with leather shorts and white stockings, while most women sport cheap *dirndls*, may seem rather insignificant in itself. But Goethe knew what he was talking about when he remarked: "*Wie sich's aussen wandelt, so wandelt's sich auch innen*" (As the outside changes, so the inside changes, too). For the faces have changed, too, indicating a deep spiritual metamorphosis. More often than not you have the urge to stop a man, shouting to the police: "This is Hitler in disguise"—there are so many mean and grim-looking fellows among the passers-by. It seems that some of the best elements of the melting-pot, Vienna, have been eliminated in the past few years.

There was the aristocracy—it was largely pro-Monarchist and, as such, did not fare well under the Nazis. It preserved some of Old-Vienna's culture, though the 20th century remnants did not live up to the standards of their great-grandparents, to whom Haydn, Mozart,

and Beethoven had dedicated their works. Then there were the Jews, most of whom quickly absorbed the Viennese culture, even though their parents or grandparents may have been born in a little Galician ghetto or some forlorn Moravian village. They talked, dressed, and dined like other Viennese, savoring spiritual things as well as food and wine. Between the Anschluss and Austria's liberation nearly half of their number perished in Nazi death camps, while the rest found refuge in countries overseas. Finally, there were the élite of the Viennese workers who, after a day's hard labor, took up courses in institutions for adult education, or borrowed books from workers' libraries; many of them were killed by the guns of Dollfuss, Starhemberg, and Fey in February, 1934, while others, as staunch anti-Fascists, languished away in Nazi concentration camps.

There were many non-citizens who preferred to live in cosmopolitan Vienna: Czech and Hungarian businessmen, Armenian traders, Russian exiles, American journalists. After the Anschluss the majority left for good. This constituted a "victory" for fat Reich Marshall Goering, who, shortly after the invasion, barked to a large Viennese audience: "Vienna must be German again." He lied by using the term "again," for Vienna had never been a German city. Its people were a mixture of Celts, Mongol tribes, Slavs, Jews, Italians, Gypsies, and what not, with a German stratum that was far from dominant. But a "Germanization," or "Prussianization" of the city did take place. While tens of thousands of "undesirables" fled or were exterminated, large numbers of Reich Germans moved in: Gestapo officials with their families, Berlin carpet baggers, and eventually refugees from the bombed Western German regions. If the native Viennese still preserved a feeling for their city's cultural traditions, even after they had climbed upon the Nazi band wagon, there was nothing to stop their "brethren

from the Reich," who, if the need arose, would callously transform Viennese churches into garages.

It would be unfair to forget the thousands of good people who today are as decent as they were in 1938. There existed a sort of anti-Nazi underground, and the sabotage reached from the cigar-dealer who would not sell his much-desired wares to people who entered with the Hitler salute, straight to workers in armament factories, who destroyed precious tools. There are first-rate musicians who were removed from the large orchestras under the Nazi regime and worked as unskilled laborers or played in beer gardens during the long Hitler era. There are women who stuck to their "non-Aryan" husbands, even though they had been forced to move into slums, and even though the Damocles' sword of eventual deportation hung over them all of the time. Today you will find some educated, truly anti-Fascist individuals in each of the three Austrian parties, who remember Vienna as a city not of extremes, but of the happy medium, and who want Austria to be not a bridge-head of one or another imperialism, but a bridge between the East and the West.

They are a brave but small minority. And they are, as a rule, middle-aged or old men and women. In general, the people in Vienna are around twenty, or above fifty. Of those born between 1900 and 1918, many perished for the sake of Hitler's glory in Norway and Eastern Europe, in the Balkans and in Africa; tens of thousands of POW's have not returned as yet. For the time being, Austrian affairs are run by men between fifty and eighty, belonging to the last generation with a really thorough background and a solid tradition behind them. Austria's president, Grandpa Renner, is one of the oldest statesmen of Europe. (That the Austrian cabinet includes a man under forty, namely foreign minister Karl Graber, seems to be an inevitable concession to the younger generation.)

Middle-aged and old statesmen try to steer the frail little boat, called Austria, between Scylla and Charybdis into relative safety. It is a hard task, for, as Dr. Renner once put it, he has four elephants in his rowboat—the four occupying powers—and “the four elephants in my boat do not stand still.”

Sooner or later, however, the grey-beards will have to be replaced by young people. Hence, Austria's future is in the hands of young boys and girls who spent their formative years serving in the Hitler youth and the Bund deutscher Maedchen, respectively, and who learned to love the Fuehrer and the Master race, and to hate everyone else. Elderly Viennese complained to me about the incredible ignorance of these youngsters, many of whom could not even spell correctly, and laughed heartily at the advice given by old folks, calling it narrow-minded and reactionary.

I was able to see a lot of those young Viennese in action. They sell you American, Hungarian, Chinese cigarettes, Swiss chocolate, Nylon stockings on every street corner—why should they accept poorly paid factory or office jobs, when they can get rich quickly on the black market? Or they “study” at the universities, circulating there neo-Nazi papers, and arranging protest meetings demanding the recall of professors retired as Nazi collaborators. This youth contributes all the pimps, prostitutes, thieves, and killers whose presence causes a great headache to the police as well as to the four powers of occupation.

But they cannot be blamed for their work-shyness and cynicism. They were mere children when the Nazis took over. Considering the fact that they got most of their “education” in Nazi labor camps or pre-military training centers, and that the person in charge of their welfare was no less a man than the pervert and war criminal Baldur von Schirach, Reich leader of the Hitler youth, and Reichstatthalter for Vienna, it is surprising that

many of these youngsters actually managed to extricate themselves from the nihilist Nazi philosophy. You can see some of them seeking the answers to countless questions at the Lesestuben (reading rooms), supplied by the occupation powers, where they learn why Nazism had to be defeated, why anti-Semitism is unethical, and why there isn't such a thing as a master-race. But others seek cheap escape from guilt feelings and boredom by dancing themselves to exhaustion in the Kursalon, the Volksgarten, the Grabenkaffee, and the countless other hot spots where the traditional Viennese waltz has long been replaced by swing, by boogie woogie danced with a fervor outdoing New York and New Orleans. You won't find the young folks at the Heurigen (wine gardens), though: those are reserved for their parents and grandparents who, listening to nostalgic songs of yesterday, are drinking themselves into a stupor.

Is postwar Vienna, then, a place without culture? Is it nothing more than an advance base for international propaganda, espionage, and intrigue, where the officers, intelligence agents, detectives and informers of the four occupying powers play the first fiddle, while the Austrians supply the black marketeers and prostitutes? Nothing could be further from the truth. Cultural life has never before been as hectically active and—so unappreciated. There are dozens of theaters, and the level of the performances is rather high. There is the State Opera, which, after the destruction of its theater, now gives performances in three halls simultaneously. There are fine concerts, given by the Philharmonic and the Symphony Orchestra. If you need tickets, you can get as many as you want any time before the curtain rises. There is something uncanny about the half-empty theaters and concert halls—the Viennese who care for culture can't afford the high price, and the Allied soldiers prefer the exposed bosoms of the dancers at the

Casanova, the Oriental, and the other mushrooming night clubs. Yet one feels as though music would be played, and dramas would be performed in Vienna even if there were not a single soul in the audience.

There is something ghost-like and pathetic about the Viennese writers of esoteric books that are printed but not read, and about the dancers of the famous Opernballet who, because of insufficient nourishment, must husband their strength at rehearsals in order to have sufficient vitality for the evening performance—a performance for a couple of hundred enthusiasts. And the same surrealist tragedy is symbolized by the famous crystal chandelier in the centuries-old Theater in der Josefstadt. Suspended from the ceiling, this gorgeous fairy-tale chandelier is pulled up at curtain time,

when the lights dim, lest it obstruct the view from the balcony. There is something thrillingly magical about the seemingly effortless ascension of this heavy mass of crystal!

It is easier to image a Vienna without Viennese than a Vienna in which this chandelier would not go up and down with its ethereal grace. But it is, I hope, premature to write the Viennese off the books. Der lieber Augustin is sick, sicker than he ever was before, and, his illness being largely mental, it cannot be cured by material things only. Of course, food is extremely necessary, more and better food. But a spiritual re-orientation of the Austrian people and, above all, of its most progressive section, the Viennese, is imperative. Only this can save this center of civilization which was once considered the heart of Europe.

When, after the death of Alexander the Great, a number of independent kingdoms arose out of the ruins of his empire, germs of medical scholarship were disseminated amidst peoples that until then had apparently been altogether closed to the cause of science. Small local centers were formed in Syria and Persia, and there appeared in increasingly large numbers physicians of note who not only exerted an influence in their mother countries but also became instrumental as apostles of the science in distant lands. That was the period when Jews and

Arabs were foremost among the reputable teachers of medicine. Only the present time has brought to light Hebrew manuscripts which reveal with what immense zeal and scholarship Jewish physicians of the early Middle Ages labored to preserve and promote medicine. We must assert that we may trace back to that time the hereditary gift of the Jews, who have since attained such great accomplishments in science.

RUDOLF VIRCHOW

Eminent German physician
(1821-1902)

Outlawing Anti-Semitism

By FELIX J. WEIL

A BILL "making it a misdemeanor to publish or cause to be published any false written or printed material promoting hatred of any group because of race, color, or creed" has been introduced "under bi-partisan sponsorship" in the New York State legislature.¹ The bill is "patterned after a bill recently adopted in Massachusetts." In Hartford, Conn., the mayor asked the city council to adopt an ordinance making it an offense "to write, print or distribute any offensive, indecent, abusive, scurrilous, derogatory or false matter concerning the race, creed or color of any sect or body which would tend or create ill-feeling, hatred or dissension."²

The introduction and sanction of bills such as these is quite understandable in an election year. But it is to be doubted whether even the sponsors believe in the possibility of "outlawing" anti-Semitism or other group antagonisms.

The problems involved are two-fold: Political and formalistic.

For political reasons, a bill mentioning by name the specific minority groups to be protected would have no chance of adoption. It has to be couched in general, neutral terms. This leaves to the courts the task of defining its scope case by case. But it also enables groups other than those whose protection was intended, to use the law for their own ends. Under the bill, a Negro newspaper may be accused of "promoting hatred" by printing an article against white rioters, or the American Jewish Committee of doing the same by circulating material exposing a member of the Christian Front or of the Nazi "creed." Such a bill may therefore

do more harm than good, for it may turn out to be a weapon of attack for, rather than of defense against, the "hatelers."

But, however framed, all those bills suffer from a common malady. Most of the cases brought to court will never reach the jury. They will be dismissed on demurrer, either for failure of the prosecutor to show an admissible interest or because of the statements being too indefinite to be pinned down as attacking a certain narrowly ascertainable group.

How can a liberal or slandered group get recovery in court? If "the Jews" are slandered, has any organized Jewish group the right to sue? In some cases the courts will deny this. Social groups are amorphous. They have no standing in court. To have legal standing a group has to have definite ascertainability. "The Jews of X-town" may perhaps stand this test, if X-town is a community with only a few Jewish families. "The Jews of New York City" could not have their day in court, because of the indefiniteness of the group's delineation.

What is "a Jew" anyway? Is he a member of a recognized congregation? But there are enough Jews who do not profess the Jewish faith. Is he a member of the Jewish race? But there are enough scientists who deny existence of such a thing as Jewish race.

If "the Jews" cannot be defined by accepted scientific standards such as faith or race, there is no chance for a suit to be admitted by the courts. Nobody could, legally, claim qualifications as spokesman for "the Jews." Nor could even a rabbi successfully contend that he, as a person, was slandered by a venomous statement against "the Jews."

¹ *New York Times*, Jan. 13, 1944.

² *New York Times*, Feb. 5, 1944.

In the very exhaustive study on group libel by David Riesman,¹ case after case is described where a complaint was dismissed—by American as well as by European courts—because the defamatory words were directed against an informal group, not against “some ascertained or ascertainable person.”² “In the eyes of the law,” writes Riesman, “informal groups . . . lack . . . even the slight cohesiveness of the unincorporated association. In such an association, there is always a definite entity, with a name and address, whether or not the law happens to give it recognition, . . . with a hierarchy of officials, who can come into court, with a treasury, with a recognized communal status.”³

But even in such cases, courts have held the group to be too large to permit a suit. Such a case was, e.g., *Notal v. Hearst Publications, Inc.*⁴ where the slanderous statement was directed against officials of a union. The court dismissed the complaint of the union's president, because there were at least 162 officials and it was obviously held unascertainable whether or not defendant had made a statement “of and concerning” the plaintiff.⁵ Only where the statements concerned an “easily identifiable” small group—a family, a member of a jury, of a Board of County Commissioners, of a staff of doctors at a hospital⁶—have suits been successful before American courts. Where there is “no clearly ascertained and narrowly defined set of possible plaintiffs . . . the courts are faced, or act as if they were faced, with a gray and multitudinous mass of conceivable plaintiffs. Here, the suits have generally been

dismissed, both in the common law and civil law countries.”¹

Typical cases of such dismissals by American courts concerned statements against those engaged in the trading stamp business, the parking lot business, the officers of a regiment.²

This is the situation as far as the admissibility of suits is concerned. Once a suit is admitted, the next problem is whether the statement under scrutiny is defamatory and to what extent. Here a wide field is open for the judge's and jury's personal predilection. Calling somebody a “Communist” has been held slanderous by some courts whereas others considered it a statement protected by the constitutional right of free speech. In any case, it is up to the complainant to show how he was wronged by the statement. Except the cases where words were used that were libelous *per se*, it is difficult to define the wrong done. Courts, “in deciding whether a statement is in fact defamatory, . . . cannot rely upon the plaintiff's word that he felt hurt or angry.”³ Calling a Jew “a Jew” may make him very angry; it may also hurt his business. But it is highly doubtful whether it would suffice for a conviction. “. . . the law of torts, in the United States, does not exist, in the main, to protect a plaintiff's feelings, or his privacy. Rather the chief function of the law is to protect the plaintiff's reputation and earning capacity, his social and commercial role, and so the normal case of defamation is one where third persons have been caused to alter their relations with plaintiff to his disadvantage.”⁴

If that is the situation, how can it be explained that in some cases the interests of social groups, though their members

¹ “Democracy and Defamation: Control of Group Libel,” *Columbia Law Review*, Vol. XLII, p. 727 ff. (May, 1942).

² *Op. cit.*, p. 762.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 763.

⁴ 40 Cal. App. Rep. (2d) 348; 104 Pac. (2d) 860 (1940).

⁵ Riesman, *op. cit.*, pp. 759, 763.

⁶ *Op. cit.*, p. 760.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 763.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 764.

³ David Riesman, “Democracy and Defamation: Fair Game and Fair Comment, II,” *Columbia Law Review*, Vol. XLII, p. 1302 (November, 1942).

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 1302-03.

had no redress before the courts, either as individuals or as representatives of the group, have been protected by the State in criminal proceedings? To be sure, this happened only in a few cases. As a rule, the public prosecutor refrains from starting proceedings against public defamators of minorities, though he may not be so reluctant if a stronger group is slandered or libeled. An attack on the dairy interests of Minnesota because of their attitude in the oleomargarine matter is likely to be termed "disorderly conduct" by a Minnesota public prosecutor and a court. In a place like New York City it was possible for a local Magistrate to punish Joseph McWilliams and some of his henchmen because of their anti-Semitic street corner speeches. In another locality the judge would more likely have dismissed the case.

Technicalities such as the indefiniteness of the slandered group vanish if the act itself is considered reprehensible by prevailing public opinion. They become unsurmountable obstacles if public sentiment is with the defendant.

Given the indefiniteness of the legal categories to be applied, success or failure of an action depends largely on the social climate prevailing in the locality at a given moment. Action under a criminal libel statute by public prosecutors does not play a considerable role in English speaking countries. It is left to private individuals and organizations to seek redress. Under these circumstances a great concerted effort would be needed even to achieve a uniform policy of prosecution.

In the United States another difficulty arises from the existence of 49 different jurisdictions without a central court "laying down the law" under what conditions a suit is admissible if the plaintiff falls within a not well defined group. Criminal libel, as the law stands now, is not a Federal issue. It is very unlikely that a Federal libel law would pass the test of constitutionality. The interstate commerce clause has sometimes been

subject to a far-stretched interpretation in order to legalize socially desirable goals. To establish Federal jurisdiction under the pretext that a libel or slander is being spread in interstate commerce would seem a very controversial undertaking, to say the least. The political chances for the passage of such a legislation by Congress would be negligible, at any rate.¹

In the absence of unified Federal law, the decision as to the admissibility of suits rests with a vast number of local courts and, at best, with 49 top courts. Lacking well defined precedents they will hand down decisions according to the political mood of the local population. But even if this obstacle were removed, the ultimate decision as to the amount of damages rests with a jury who respond directly to popular sentiment. Under these circumstances it is obvious that in a population having the most divergent attitudes on the subject, judicial proceedings may well "backfire" at the plaintiffs themselves. To bring a damage suit for thousands of dollars for slander and then be awarded 6 cents damages is tantamount to a victory for the defendant.

Of course, keen perception of local conditions may help to avoid ill-advised and ill-timed suits, but, in view of the multiplicity of factors involved, there is no guarantee whatsoever that even a strategically well-timed suit may succeed.

Public sentiment is of overwhelming importance in the American decentralized administration of justice. Quite correctly,

¹ An entirely different issue is the closing of the mails to the flow of literature defamatory to minorities. The Lynch-Dickstein bill now before Congress attempts such a measure. As it is not based on the interstate commerce clause but on the Federal mail privilege there is no doubt about the legality of such a measure. But it implies authorizing the Postmaster General to decide, case by case, what constitutes defamatory literature, which would make the remedy worse than the disease. The Civil Liberties Union opposes the bill as a dangerous encroachment on the constitutional right of free speech.

therefore, the following statement emphasizes the very questionable usefulness of new legal devices: "... any laws aimed directly at anti-Semitism (and other forces of bigotry) are likely to be ineffectual. If the public ... is inclined to condemn anti-Semitism, the (new) laws are not needed. If the public favors the anti-Semites, the laws will not work. In fact, once established, such laws can be used by reactionary forces to their own advantage."¹

It is interesting to note how the German Jews fared during the "good old days" of the Weimar Republic.

In the formal, legal sense, their situation was better than that of American Jewry. There were no 49 different jurisdictions. German criminal and civil law was unified. Anti-Semitism was punishable under section 130 of the criminal code dealing with "inciting to class hatred." The public prosecutor as well as the wronged individual was entitled to institute proceedings. On Sept. 23, 1922, the Prussian Minister of Justice issued a circular instructing all public prosecutors to initiate proceedings under the section just mentioned "whenever the libel, etc., was consummated as an expression of anti-Semitic feelings."²

Yet, although German Jewry had the advantage of being supported in its fight against anti-Semitism by the upper hierarchy of Prussian governmental bureaucracy, the German professional judiciary was no less reluctant to protect the Jewish minority than are the American courts. When other groups were libeled, such as "the Prussian judiciary," "the agrarians," "the Prussian officers," or "members of the Prussian police," convictions were obtained. The defense that the defendant didn't mean to include the

plaintiff, of whose existence he was not even aware, was rejected. The highest German court, the *Reichsgericht*, stated in a decision of 1923: "It suffices that the statement in its general meaning makes it ascertainable to which individuals it refers and that defendant is aware of this, whereas it is not necessary that he knows those individuals or may be aware of their existence."¹

Yet, as far as German Jewry was concerned, the situation was aptly summarized by a leading Jewish attorney and prominent member of the *Central-Verein*: "Jewry as such, according to the decisions, is not entitled to initiate proceedings,"² and endeavors of aggrieved individuals to have redress in court have, as a rule, been rejected for lack of *Aktiv-legimitation* (i.e., want of plaintiff's qualification as aggrieved party).

Whether decentralized and subject to immediate public pressure or hierarchically centralized and forming a caste of their own, judges as protectors of a minority in its defensive fight against public defamation have not proved effective.

Under these circumstances, efforts to get laws "outlawing" anti-Semitism on the statute books seem just so much wasted energy. Even if these efforts were successful, they may be psychologically harmful. On the one hand, those laws may give the Jews and other minority groups a false sense of security. On the other, they may provide the anti-Semitic agitator with a welcome device to use the "martyr" routine.

It is useless to expend time, energy, and money to give defamed individuals or organizations redress at courts which, after all, are only the expression of existing trends of society—trends often not the most favorable to minorities. More effective by far than any of these measures would be a concentration of effort to win over public opinion.

¹ S. A. Fineberg, "Can Anti-Semitism Be Outlawed?" *Contemporary Jewish Record*, Vol. VI, Number 6 (December, 1943), p. 630.

² *Allgemeine Verlegung des Preussischen Justizministers an die Generalstaatsanwalte*, 23. September 1922 (I, 5260).

¹ *Juristische Wochenschrift*, 1923, p. 994.

² Ludwig Foerster, *Antisemitismus und Justiz*, Berlin 1924, p. 12.

Trial and Error*

By MURRAY FRANK

THIS is the life story of the most remarkable Jewish personality to emerge in the first half of the 20th century, but even more important is the fact that it is the life story of the revival of an ancient ideal and its fulfilment in our own day. The personality is Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first president, and the ideal is Zionism, which became an actuality with the establishment of the State of Israel after a lapse of 2,000 years. The man and the ideal are inseparable throughout the book.

Weizmann's autobiography *Trial and Error* appears at a propitious time when Israel is rounding out the first year of its independence, with a duly elected government and having obtained recognition from a majority of the nations of the world. It is a long-winding, arduous trail stretching over nearly three-quarters of a century from that remote November day in 1874, in the town of Motelle, near Pinsk, Poland, where Weizmann was born, to the town of Rehovoth—about an hour's drive from Tel Aviv—where Israel's president lives. The distance between Motelle and Rehovoth in terms of time, rather than space, forms a fascinating and absorbingly interesting story as told by Weizmann in his memoirs.

The volume is comprised of two Books, an Epilogue, and a fairly comprehensive index. Book I, consisting of 18 chapters, covers the author's childhood and ends with the granting of the Balfour Declaration in November 1917, when Weizmann reached his 43rd birthday. Book II,

numbering 27 chapters, begins with the work of the Zionist Commission which went to Palestine to prepare the ground for the implementation of the Balfour Declaration, and ends with the United Nations decision of November 29, 1947, to partition Palestine and establish a Jewish state. Some nine months later, in August 1948, Weizmann added a 14-page epilogue in Switzerland in which he brought the record up-to-date. His story was not written all at once, but over a period of many years and in a variety of places, including London, Rehovoth, and New York. It took all of 17 years to complete the story, chiefly because of numerous interruptions on account of his chemical research work and his Zionist activities during periods of continued political crises.

Weizmann's early life in Motelle was not unlike that of other Jewish youngsters who were raised in the dark and gloomy Czarist Pale of Settlement. The third in a family of twelve children, he had his fill of the *Cheder* and the incompetent instructors which characterized that "system" of education, and consequently had no regrets when he left Motelle at the age of 11 to enter a Russian school in Pinsk. It was not much better there, with one exception—a brilliant Russian teacher of chemistry aroused in young Weizmann an impulse toward chemistry. Throughout his life he has been obsessed with the two great passions of Zionism and chemistry.

Then followed a year at a Jewish boarding school in Pfungstadt, Germany, where 18-year old Chaim Weizmann taught Hebrew and Russian, and at the

* *Trial & Error: The Autobiography of Chaim Weizmann*. Harper & Brothers, New York. 498 pp. \$5.00.

same time took courses at the university in nearby Darmstadt. His education was continued at the Berlin Polytechnicum and, finally, at Freiburg where he obtained his doctorate. This was followed by his appointment as lecturer in chemistry at the University of Geneva, where he stayed until 1904 when he moved to England and settled in Manchester. There he began as a research worker in a dingy basement at the University of Manchester and in time was promoted to a senior readership and was given his own laboratory and a staff of assistants, but in the ten years at Manchester he was not granted a full professorship—which remained a major disappointment all his life.

The Weizmanns (they were married in 1906) took up residence in London after the outbreak of World War I, which they maintained until early in 1948 except for extended periods of residence at Rehovoth and New York. There they reared their two sons, Benjy and Michael, the latter an RAF officer who lost his life on a mission off the coast of France in 1942.

Weizmann's interest in Zionism goes back as far as his childhood, thus antedating the modern organized Zionist movement which began with Herzl and with the first Zionist Congress of 1897. It was a crude and formless ideal which young Weizmann embraced, due more to emotion than to logic. "The house was steeped in rich Jewish tradition," Weizmann writes of his childhood days, "and Palestine was at the center of the ritual, a longing for it implicit in our life. Practical nationalism did not assume form till some years later, but the 'Return' was in the air, a vague, deep-rooted Messianism, a hope which would not die."

Referring to his early Zionist activities in Pinsk, Weizmann says:

Looking back from the vantage point of present-day Zionism, I can see that we had not the slightest idea of how the practical ends of the movement were to be realized. . . Perhaps if we had considered the matter too closely, or tried to be too systematic, we would have been

frightened off. We merely went ahead in a small, blind, persistent way." Towards the close of the 19th century, when Weizmann was still a student in Berlin, he came to know Dr. Herzl, first through his famous tract *Der Judenstaat* and later in person at various Zionist Congresses. He respected Herzl as a personality, but regarded him as naive in his thinking and considered his so-called schematic approach to Zionism as too simple and doomed to failure because it was basically "a sort of philanthropy." For Weizmann, "Zionism was something organic, which had to grow like a plant," it could not be accomplished in a hurry; "for me there was never a royal road, a shortcut. . . I held that Zionist progress could be directed only through Palestine, through tedious labor, every step won by sweat and blood."

At the Sixth Zionist Congress in 1903, Herzl brought the British Government's offer of a Jewish autonomous territory in Uganda, British East Africa, which split Zionist ranks wide open. Weizmann fought the Ugandists tooth and nail, he considered it as very treason to the ideal of Zionism which can be realized only in Palestine. Later, the struggle between the Ugandists and the "classical" Zionists gave way to a new controversy between "political" and "practical" Zionism. The political Zionists held that the aid of a great power like Britain or Germany should be enlisted to obtain a charter from Turkey to establish Jewish autonomy in Palestine. Weizmann belonged to the practical school which held to his organic view of Zionism: political activity was not enough, there must be constructive achievement, actual settlement on the land, and attachment to the permanent values of Judaism.

By the time of the Balfour Declaration in 1917, Weizmann speaks of the "concept of the inner significance, the constructive moral-ethical-social character, of Zionism" and "as a force for life and creativity residing in the Jewish masses." He writes:

It was not simply the blind need of an exiled people for a home of its own. I could not agree with Herzl that the *Judennot*, the tragedy of Jewish homelessness, persecution and poverty, was sufficient to account for the Zionist movement, and was capable of supplying the neces-

sary motive power for the creation of a Jewish homeland. Need alone is negative, and the greatest productions of man spring from an affirmation. Jewish homelessness was not just a physical discomfort; it was also, and perhaps in larger measure, the malaise of frustrated capacities. If the Jewish people had survived so many centuries of exile, it was not by a biological accident, but because it would not relinquish the creative capacities with which it had been entrusted.

So much for Weizmann's Zionist ideology. There were other ideological clashes in later years, notably with the American Zionists led by Justice Brandeis in the early 1920's, with Jabotinsky's Revisionist group and other Zionist groups which led to his removal from leadership by the Zionist Congress in 1931, and more recently his clashes with important segments of Zionism in America and Palestine led by Dr. Abba Hillel Silver and David Ben Gurion, respectively, which resulted in his removal from the leadership for a second time in 1946. In both of the latter two instances the action was prompted by his mild policy toward Britain.

In the 30 years following the Balfour Declaration Weizmann was almost entirely enveloped in the intricacies of British, Middle Eastern, and American politics, while at the same time busily engaged in developing a sense of nationhood in a people scattered over the face of the earth. The nullification of the Balfour Declaration set in almost immediately after it was granted. Throughout the 1920's and the 1930's there were endless commissions and White Papers by succeeding British governments, betrayals of promises solemnly made to Weizmann, dictated in part by economic and military interests, in part by anti-Semitism, and by the desire to appease the Arabs.

Weizmann was almost continually shuttling back and forth between Palestine, Europe, and the United States, to press his struggle for a Jewish Palestine, and

to refute the charges against the Yishuv (the Jewish community in Palestine) that it is irreligious, leftist, that it is displacing the poor Arabs and taking away the best land in the country, etc. By 1937, after the Peel Commission, Weizmann was ready to accept the idea of partition in Palestine in the hope of salvaging something for the Jews and avert complete disaster, but this proved at the time to be a mirage. In the course of this long struggle he met with the world's great leaders, he became the friend of many statesmen with whom he discussed the Palestine problem with its tensions, explosive passions and rivalries as these are bound up in the Middle East problem as a whole. The book is replete with numerous descriptions and characterizations of such outstanding people as Balfour, Lloyd George, Lawrence of Arabia, Emir Feisal, Winston Churchill, General Allenby, Paul Ehrlich, Einstein, Felix Frankfurter, Mussolini, Leon Blum, Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, and literally hundreds of others.

Besides this outer struggle which was chiefly of a political nature, Weizmann was also faced with the inner struggle which took on various forms at various times. There were the ideological differences within Zionist ranks; there were the Assimilationist Jews who fought Zionism because of their mistaken belief in dual loyalty and the fear of anti-Semitism; there were the Jewish Nobel Prize winners who preferred to remain in Germany even after Hitler rather than go to Palestine; there was the concentration of Jews in the larger urban centers in Palestine, rather than in the rural areas; there were the Arab riots, the worsening Arab-Jewish relations, the difficulties of colonization in the face of fearful odds and limited budgets, the period of Jewish terrorism, etc. But Weizmann was a man of faith, possessed of an abhorrence for violence and a passion for justice. At no time did he lose faith or courage in the final triumph

of his cherished ideal; while he was fighting for the Jewish state, he was also building the Hebrew University, the research and scientific institutes at Rehovoth, the industrial enterprises of the country, and fostering the cultural growth of Israel.

Perhaps most timely from the point of view of the current situation in Israel is Chapter 45, entitled "The Challenge," which was written on the day after the United Nations decision of November 29, 1947, to create a Jewish state in a partitioned Palestine. In it, Weizmann discusses the problems facing the young Jewish state, including his views pertaining to immigration, defense, finances, human resources, the constitution, the educational system, agriculture, industry, religion, relations with the Arabs, and the Jewish position in the East-West conflict.

Trial and Error is unquestionably the best account of the diplomatic maneuvering centering around Palestine for the

past generation. It is written with sincerity and a good deal of the sense of humor for which Weizmann has long been known; it is a major document, detailed, authentic, written in a simple and dignified tone; it bears the impression of the author from beginning to end, his deep wisdom, his wit and irony, his impatience and occasional moods of anger, and his sweeping imagination and almost prophetic vision.

Lloyd George once remarked to a fellow Cabinet member about Weizmann: "When you and I are forgotten, this man will have a monument to him in Palestine." Weizmann's monument is Israel, which became a reality in his life time and before our very eyes. When Ben Gurion seconded his nomination for the Presidency of Israel, he said: "I doubt whether the Presidency is necessary to Dr. Weizmann, but the Presidency of Dr. Weizmann is a moral necessity for the State of Israel."



"The People of the Book"

SAMUEL SALKO

The Anti-Semitism of Richard Wagner

(Second and final installment)

By LEON STEIN

Associated with Wagner in the preparation and performances of his operas were numerous Jewish musicians—the conductor Herman Levi, the singers Heinrich Porges, Lilli Lehman, Kolisch, Pauline Rebecca Mailhac, the impresario Angelo Neumann. There was also Josef Rubenstein, a pianist, who became so enthusiastic about Wagner's work that he became a member of the household at Wahnfried. In a letter to Neumann (January, 1881) the composer wrote "You have done great things for me." In another letter of the thirteenth of June 1882, Wagner wrote, "If anything on this earth would astonish me it would be you. Heavens, what restless energy, what faith, what courage." It was Neumann who worked indefatigably to popularise the Wagner operas, launching among other projects, the first performances of the Ring after and outside Bayreuth. As Newman wrote, "Wagner and his heirs were indebted to Angelo Neumann for much more than a handsome income." Yet, as we shall see, his attitude towards Neumann was not really one of gratitude, but, rather, one of condescension; granting Neumann's efforts, these stemmed, Wagner felt, not from a true instinct for culture (for this was inherently impossible) but from a connoisseur's appreciation for the valuable.

However, such letters, and Wagner's association with Jewish colleagues, have led many to the conclusion that anti-semitic though he might have been in theory, in practice he was something else again, his anti-Semitism being a characteristic inconsistency, an excusable aber-

ration of genius. Furthermore, it may be asked, did not Wagner have Levi (even, according to some, *insist* on Levi) as the conductor of the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth in 1882?

The facts are quite otherwise.

With a combination of malice and ill breeding, which people of other nationalities find it hard to understand, he lost no opportunity year in and out of fretting the life out of his Jewish friends and collaborators about their Judaism. (Newman).

It might seem not only contradictory, but even a deceitful imposition that the composer should utilise such individuals at the same moment that directly and indirectly he was maligning them with acrimonious malice. But Wagner never had any scruples of morals or taste in the use of any individuals who might serve his purpose or further his designs. As for his Jewish associates, he could even rationalise their devotion to his work as an opportunity and means for partial redemption for the sin of their descent.

The case of Levi is particularly interesting. Wagner valued his competence and devotion, but the fact that Levi was Jewish was a constant source of irritation to him. At one time when Levi was at Wahnfried the composer attempted to persuade him to be baptised. Levi, the son of a Rabbi, rejected the suggestion. Cosima's attitude toward the conductor was that though he could not get away from his extraction, and the numerous failings of his race showed themselves markedly in him, yet he distinguished himself by his great fidelity to Bayreuth, and I confess that the Jewish element in him often amused me more than it irritated me, because it showed itself with such diverting openness.

Following Wagner's death there was little restraint in the contempt and rudeness with which the composer's family behaved toward Levi. On the occasion of a protest by Weingartner against such treatment of the devoted conductor, Cosima heard him out quietly, and then replied "that no bond between Aryan and Semitic blood was possible."

For many years it was thought that Levi's conducting of "Parsifal" was at the actual behest of Wagner, or at least not contrary to his wishes. Wagner's letters of September 19, 1881, addressed to King Ludwig would seem, on the face of it, to confirm this opinion:

Notwithstanding that many amazing complaints reach me as to this most Christian of works being conducted by a Jewish Kapellmeister and that Levi himself is embarrassed and perplexed by it all, I hold firmly to this one fact, that my gracious King has generously and magnanimously granted me his orchestra and chorus as the only effective way of achieving an exceptional production of an unusual work, and consequently I accept gracefully the head of this musical organisation without asking whether this man is a Jew, this other a Christian.

Actually, this letter was but Wagner's attempt to put as graceful a face as possible on a situation that he had previously attempted to alter. For he had approached the Munich Intendanz, informing them that he would rather not have Levi, and requesting that he be allowed to choose a conductor of his own choice for "Parsifal." But he was told that without the Munich Kapellmeister he could not have the Munich orchestra. Wagner accepted this decision as graciously as he could and wrote the letter of September 19. In reply to this, the King answered him in a letter of the 11th of October:

I am glad, dear Friend, that in connection with the production of your great and holy work, you make no distinction between Christian and Jew. There is nothing so nauseous, so unedifying as disputes of this sort; at bottom all men are brothers whatever their confessional difference.

This was too much for Wagner. The

pent-up resentment at the rejection of his request by the Munich Intendanz, and the reaction from the unnatural strain of tolerance revealed in his first letter to the King formed an explosive mixture. In as rancorous and malevolent an expression as had ever come from his pen he excoriates those very Jews who had done him service. He prides himself, he writes, on the great patience he has had to exercise in dealing with these. Neumann, he concedes, "regards it as his mission to force the musical world to recognize me." But this impulse, Wagner writes, stems not from a folkempathy but derives from the Jewish commercial instinct for what is genuine and true. The King can afford to be tolerant; for him, Jews are only a conception; "for us, they are an experience." Despite his own magnanimity in attempting to deal in a compassionate way with several of them, it is his conviction, writes the composer, that the Jewish race is the

born enemy of pure humanity and everything that is noble in it. It is certain that we Germans will go under before them, and perhaps I am the last German who knew how to stand up as an art-loving man against the Judaism that is already getting control of everything.

It might seem that Wagner would have welcomed the implementation, the realization in overt action of his ideas and their implications. Repudiation, expulsion, and even sterner means had been darkly hinted at and encouraged in his writings. But the answer, from which Wagner shrinks, the answer which is the only logical conclusion on the basis of his assumed premise was given by Ludwig Scheman in 1928: "The persecution of the Jews means the repudiation of Jewish Supremacy."

In 1880 a viciously anti-Semitic petition to the Reichstag was drawn up by Dr. Bernhard Förster (later the husband of Nietzsche's sister, Elizabeth). This Wagner refused to sign—not out of any avowed humanitarian impulse, but, as he explained, after his unfortunate experience with the anti-vivisection petition he

did not wish to be involved in any further public project concerned with petitions. More possibly the actual reason was that he wished to preserve at least some outward decorum—for associated with him were such well known figures as Levi, Neumann, Rubenstein, Lehmann, and Maihillac.

In his 1869 addition to the original version of *Judaism in Music*, he suggested that under the leadership of certain "exceptions" the Jews might be able to cast aside their racial heritage and stigma and become one with the Germans. The alternative is simply the uprooting, expulsion, and if need be the destruction of this people. The closing sentence of *Judaism in Music* suggests only one solution—"Das Untergang," Ellis translates this as a "going under." It could also and more accurately be translated as "total destruction."

But the possibility of assimilation becomes less and less possible and feasible for him. It becomes evident as his notions of "pure blood" and race-difference crystallized and took form under the influence of Gobineau, that the possibility of assimilation is merely offered as a pretext, to be taken in the same sense as his ingenuous statements that he bears no personal enmity or ill will towards Jews.

Wagner's oft expressed anger with the German people is at bottom a rationalised impatience with their indifference to his works and his genius. This resentment of the composer's is cloaked in a variety of emotions ranging from bitterness to racial self-pity, wherein he attacks the Germans' indifference to, or downright ignorance of, their manifest destiny, their ordained place in history, their responsibility to humanity as the sanctuary and repository of the most noble expression of the human spirit. But how could it be explained that these people with the innate and intuitive knowledge of the true and the beautiful, failed nevertheless to appreciate and recognize the true and the beautiful when embodied in actual cre-

ative works—or, more expressly, how was it they failed to appreciate his works. In section III of "German Art and German Poetry" he answers this question: The receptivity of a nation to genius is lessened in times of lethargy. The Germans are not receptive because of this lethargy. But how could the spiritual quality of the Volk be so dulled, so unrecognizing? The answer, as might have been anticipated, is—the Jews. These have usurped the leadership in commerce and in the control of the arts—not of the arts themselves, for true creation in Wagner's mind could never be reconciled with a composer's Jewish descent. If their music is fast, it is restless; if slow, it is characterised by *Tragheit*, a favorite expression of Wagner's and translated by Ellis, in one instance as "Oriental sloth." There is proof of this lethargy, Wagner emphasizes, in the fact that the great treasures of German art have been discovered not by Germans but by "foreigners." Thus while not actually in a condition of decay, Germans, by yielding their rightful place and functions to the "intruders" are in a state of passivity.

It is apparent from his early writings of the 1840 Parisian period that while he had acquired and manifested a characteristic pride in music as a German expression, the anti-Semitic, anti-Meyerbeer, and anti-Mendelssohn attitudes had not yet become either focused or crystallized. By 1843 however, a marked change is noticeable. The separate elements which had been potential or dormant side by side in the consciousness of Wagner are suddenly fused into a new compound after 1843. These elements which were:

- (a) The latent anti-Semitism of Wagner.
- (b) The anti-Semitic influence of German writers, and their cultural arrogance.
- (c) The anti-Meyerbeer stand associated with Wagner's frustration.
- (d) The anti-Mendelssohn stand associated with Wagner's frustration.
- (e) The Gesamt Kunst theory and

its corollary notion of the exhaustion of pure instrumental music.

(f) An over-emphasis of anti-Semitism in order to confute any attempt to show the possible influence of Geyer's paternity in his music.

The personal frustrations and disappointments of Wagner's early life were important factors in the development of his anti-Semitism. Before him was the established reputation of Mendelssohn; contemporary with him was the phenomenally successful career of Meyerbeer. His ego and his vanity, perhaps the most exaggerated example of these qualities in the history of the arts, had suffered doubly in association with Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. In relationships with both composers he had been placed in the position of one who had sought assistance and recognition. This he could never forgive them, even apart from the fact that neither composer was particularly helpful, though Meyerbeer did go through certain motions. Combined with, and reciprocally affected by these personal emotions were his philosophical, philological, nationalistic, and social convictions. To disregard these convictions and attribute his anti-Semitism merely to personal envy and malice is short-sighted; on the other hand, to neglect the personal element in his attitude is equally wrong.

His feeling of persecution was not always associated with Jews. As Ernest Newman wrote of his state of mind in 1869 (the year of the re-issue of *Judaism in Music*), "his own view was that a world incurably evil had entered into a conspiracy against the one truly righteous man in it."

The anti-Semitism of Wagner was very closely bound up with an anti-christian, and more specifically an anti-catholic animus. Ultimately these combine with a rejection of, and opposition to, the liberal and democratic concepts. This rejection of, and opposition to, democracy itself was an inevitable correlate of his racial thinking, for democracy is predi-

cated on the theory of the equality of opportunity, and equal inherent rights and privileges. Opposed to this is the notion of the racist who insists on a hierarchy of inherent values, and a series of graduated rights and privileges determined by this hierarchy resulting from inherent traits. "Democracy, in Germany," he wrote, "is purely a translated theory. It exists merely in the 'press,' and what this German press is one must find out for oneself." He sums up a total aversion to democracy by associating its origins with those "alien" and therefore anti-German characteristics which he had so often and so bitingly attacked, scornfully mocking "this translated Franco-Judaic-German Democracy."

The Wagnerian notion of the Jew as culturally alien led to the concept of the Jew as nationally alien. The non-national was easily converted into the anti-national, the anti-national into an "enemy of the state." And what could be more self-evident than an official opposition to what was anti-national. Thus, ultimately, anti-Semitism became a definite national policy, rationalised on the basis of "superior" and "inferior" races. Naturally, neighboring peoples were to consider this national policy as merely a matter of the internal policies of an adjacent government. Whatever one's personal feelings, one remained neutral. Then suddenly Poles, and Slavs, and Croats, awoke to discover that they too were—inferior races. But there must be some mistake, they thought. After all, we are not—Jews.

Too late it was discovered that one cannot remain "neutral" toward a plague, or toward a conflagration.



The Jew

By MICHAEL ARTZIBASHEV

(Translated from the Russian by MOSHE SPIEGEL)

IT SO FELL OUT that the second platoon of the third company of the Ashkadar regiment found itself, without having fired a single shot or losing a single man, cut off from the rest of their own army.

How this had come about, and how this handful of some fifteen or twenty soldiers found itself in the role of an independent military unit, none of them could have explained. At first these soldiers, as part of the entire Ashkadar regiment, had splashed along doggedly and persistently throughout the autumnal night over a highway stretching away, none knew whither, into the dark, damp and alien distance. Smoking and talking were forbidden and the dark mass of the regiment resembling, in the darkness, with its bristling bayonets, some sort of an enormous, hedgehog-like animal, softly growling and swishing its thousands of feet, crawled ahead in grim concentration. In the dark the soldiers bumped into one another, exchanging low-voiced curses, slipping in the mire and plunging up to their knees into ruts filled with icy water.

"What a road!" the men in the ranks sighed, under their breaths.

Toward daybreak the regiment was brought to a halt and deployed above the edge of a vast potato field,—it was the first time in their lives that the soldiers saw the like of it.

A fine, nagging rain was falling and the leaden-hued horizon, oblique and mournful, dissolved turbidly in the watery haze. To right and left, as far as the eye could encompass, the ranks of officers and men, all appearing alike in their uniforms of olive drab, were dis-

mally soaking in the rain; it streamed down their sombre faces as though they were all weeping over their fate, a fate that had tossed them, God knew where, on this alien, unknown field on which, within a few hours, many would be sprawling on the dank ground, amid the half-rotted potato-plants, their pallid dear faces turned toward the chill sky,—that same sky which was weeping now over their far-off, drab and beloved native land.

Behind them, sinking in the soggy, newly-turned tilth, some battery or other was constantly halting yet somehow could find no halting place. Exasperated voices, hoarse from the cold, were borne on the air thence, and the cracking of horse whips, and the heavy, labored snorting of the horses. The sodden figures of the officers wandered solitarily ahead, in overcoats soaked through and through, while still further on, beyond the pall of the rain and the dense fog, cannon rumbled—and one didn't know whether they were your own side's or the enemy's. At times the cannonading went off into the distance and to the right and thereupon the rumble of the ordnance came as ponderously as it was muffled, as though iron balls were being bowled along the ground, while at other times the shots rent the air altogether near, crashingly, as though they were bursting over one's very head.

Directly opposite the platoon stood the company Commander; he was constantly lighting cigarettes under his overcoat-flaps,—so frequently that it seemed as if all this time—it was all of three hours by now—he had been lighting the one and the same cigarette and could not in any

way, get it to going. The soldiers watched his back intently and, somehow or other, were aching to help him out.

It was cold, raw, and there was an abominable, nagging, incessant sensation of suction at the pit of the stomach; you could hardly call it fear,—it was, rather, some sort of baseless depressiveness, which might have been expressed in a few words: If only things would break as quickly as possible!

Thus it went on for several hours, but toward noon everything changed with frightful abruptness.

Although the sky was just as leaden and the rain drizzled just as indefatigably, the day became lighter, while in one spot the clouds turned white and vivid. One could sense the unseen sun behind them, yet amid this bleak, chill light one's mood became some poignant and disquieted and the nagging depression began to pass into a nervous alarm that was hard to bear.

With utter unexpectedness, even though all had been awaiting some such thing, an aide-de-camp bobbed up from somewhere and galloped past on a small horse, frothing at the mouth and all shaggy from dampness. The officers started dashing about; commands rang out harshly and the bugles blew.

"Well, fellows—" a high-pitched, breaking voice was heard in the ranks,—and all heard this voice and grasped its significance, although not a man turned his head.

The gray human mass stirred, emitting something like a sigh as it undulated in a curve, and the entire regiment, sinking in the mire, stumbling and all but falling at every step, surged forward, up the slope of the endless field, now suddenly become a new and eerie terrain.

The soldiers, their faces gray, strange, made the sign of the cross on the run, now falling behind, now getting ahead of one another, and, halting on the crest of a knoll, gathered into knots or became

as jumbled as patches in a crazy quilt, in broken ranks, in no time at all turning the regiment into a confused rabble of gasping and bewildered men. Some even held their rifles at ready, having forgotten to ground them.

Ahead the same rain showed leadenly and the self-same alien, unfamiliar field stretched away into the distance, but now there was something stirring thereon, something moving, flickering in wan flames, scattering in the incessant crackle of rifle shots.

Against the leaden sky, apparently remaining always stationary on the one and the same spot, was some sort of a small bleak streak, now increasing, now diminishing. And, whenever it increased, one could barely hear, coming down from overhead, a fearful droning, whereupon all the soldiers would lift up their gray, pallid faces.

Then, from behind, but likewise from overhead, would come another drone, mighty and rapidly nearing, and over the heads of the soldiers a Russian plane would pass, flying low, as weighted down as a bedraggled bird. It rapidly became smaller, rising higher and higher, and the men watched the decrease in the distance between it and that other small dark streak, which was now soaring far up in the sky. Voices were raised in the ranks, and when that other, distant streak began rapidly shrinking, as though plummeting toward the horizon, the voices grew loud and cheery.

"Oho,—he don't like that!"—"He's turning tail, fellers!"—the ranks spoke up. "Good work!"—"Good lads!"

The soldiers perked up and for a moment forgot about themselves, about the hard, uncertain fate ahead of them.

"They ought to put you up in that there plane, now!" one man joshed another. "You'd show 'em how good you are!"

And then, suddenly, a discordant many-voiced outcry arose ahead, and an intensified, chaotic clatter as rushing from thence came just such other soldiers in

olive drab as themselves but from another regiment of the same division,—one by one at first, then in knots, and, finally, in a struggling stampeded horde. Even from afar one could make out their blanched faces,—eyes staring, mouths agape, and an expression of insane horror.

The officers of the Ashkadar regiment, brandishing their sabres and screaming something or other, were running over the washed-out ploughland toward the fleeing men, but the olive-drab mass knocked them off their feet in a moment, sweeping over them and trampling them, mingled with the ranks of the Ashkadar men, and immediately all things lost whatever meaning they may have had up to then. As a flood carries off a dam that had been breached at but one point, so did the fleeing men carry along with them the hitherto stationary regiment. Partly, the Ashkadar men started running of their own accord, without themselves knowing why and merely sensing that elemental emotion transmitted from man to man which irresistibly spurs one on from behind and compels one to run, no matter where as long as it be on and on.

The entire human mass rushed downhill, swerving when it stumbled upon a battery, with the men of which they had loud altercations with much waving of arms, then, surging right up against an unbroken line of olive-drab soldiers rapidly advancing with their bayonets at ready, dashed off to one flank and then the other, and back and forth, until, at last, all broke into skelter-skelter flight, rending the air with frantic clamor and aimless gunfire.

And it was precisely at this point that the second platoon of the third company of the Ashkadarians, strayed from its regiment and officers. There were seventeen in all in this group, keeping together instinctively, who found themselves out of the battle, in some sort of a narrow, clayey and sparsely wooded gully. The gully was a deep one, with the clay of its

slopes furrowed by the rain; the sky over it stretched away in a high, uneven, murky streak, ceaselessly drizzling upon the red clay, upon the stunted, sopping birches, and upon the handful of soldiers who, though bewildered, were still persistently plodding along, ever onward—and downward.

The soldiers, to a man, had come from the reserves,—stocky bearded and pock-marked mouzhiks from the provinces of Kostroma and Novgorod, and, in their midst, a solitary little Jew, dark-faced and dark-haired, one Herschel Mak, who alone did all the thinking and planning for the whole lot of them. All the rest, drab peasants, uprooted out of their villages, simply could not grasp how all this had come about—and whether anything had come about. Had there been a battle? Was their being in some confounded gully, without any officers, a good thing or a bad? And what would be the upshot of it all?

Herschel Mak alone comprehended that there *had* been a battle; that the front lines had been caught in a cross-fire of machine-guns; that a panic had occurred; that the Ashkadar regiment had been swept off its feet by the fleeing horde and disrupted without firing a shot and that they were now left to the will of fate, with no knowledge of their whereabouts,—perhaps they were in the very centre of the enemy's position. Herschel Mak understood that now nobody had—nor could have—any concern for them, and that therefore it was up to them to extricate themselves, and his Jewish mind, wise in stratagems and devices, began working at full force.

The rain gurgled down the slopes of the gully and over its bottom, and through this minor strain of the water one could hear only occasionally, somewhere above, the rattle of the machine-gun fire and the booming of cannon. The gully went downward and, probably, into woods, since the trees grew closer and closer together, while on the ground, together with the

mud, there now lay a thick layer of half-rotted dead leaves.

Twice they heard, overhead, a deep droning, and the soldiers involuntarily looked up, but there was no aeroplane to be seen and one could not tell whether it belonged to their own or the other fellows' side.

Herschel Mak trudged on behind the others, thinking hard: Well, now, whilst the regiment had still been there, why, the men in command had known what was to be done. . . But as for us, we don't know any of their high-and-mighty rules of warfare! . . . Maybe we're not even supposed to be fighting at all,—may be, according to those self-same high-and-mighty rules we're due to retreat for a bit? . . . Why, we don't know anything!

And precisely at that moment, on the opposite bank of the stream, now spread into shallow, turbid pools, something black began flitting among the tree-trunks and strange soldiers appeared in overcoats of field-gray and with black Japanned casques sheathed in canvass.

This was just such another tag-end of a detachment as themselves, but of the enemy's, strayed from the rest, but led by an enormous russet-bearded corporal. The boches, too, were plodding along uncertainly, with their rifles at ready, timorously looking all about them, and had been just about to halt for a council-of-war over their unenviable situation when they caught sight of the olive-drab overcoats and the bayonets of the Russkies.

"Halt!" a white-moustached man from Kostroma let out a yell,—so loud that a couple of crows flew up over the gully like two stones tossed straight up into the air and darted off, obliquely breasting the wind, away from the evil spot.

Herschel all but fell into the water.

Scattered, tenuous cries of surprise and fright broke out on the other bank and then a sinister, strained silence ensued.

The squads, one olive-drab and the other field-gray, were some fifty paces apart, separated by the shallow, turbid

stream which was incessantly pelted by the rain, and the men were staring at one another in bewilderment rather than fright.

"—Listen. . ." Herschel Mak began in a hesitating whisper, tapping the rifle of the white-moustached soldier from Kostroma. But at that point, as though at a command, the soldiers in field-gray stepped back two paces, sank as one to their knees—and the crackle of an inimical volley split the rain-drenched air.

The white-moustached man from Kostroma and another soldier (from Novgorod, a fellow with a large family, who was called Uncle in the company) threw up their arms and slumped heavily onto the rain-soaked clay.

The man from Kostroma was killed outright, whereas Uncle clutched at his belly, sat up, and then screamed "O-o-oh, fellers!" in an exceedingly high-pitched, piercing whine. And a savage wrath, untamable and overflowing with horror, like to that nervous malice with which men kill and trample a snake, suddenly seized upon the Russians. The spatter of scattered shots beat upon the sodden trees, and dissonant screaming hovered in the gray haze. The bullets, whistling, flew far through the woods and smacked against the clay.

Birch leaves, slowly spiralling, were falling to the earth, and upon that earth, three figures in field-gray were squirming in convulsive movements, painful and horrible. And the first to quiet down, with his face plunged in the turbidity of the stream, was the enormous red-bearded German corporal.

A still more disordered volley cracked forth in answer and then, by now from both sides, came a succession of isolated, senseless shots, interrupted by malevolent screaming, groaning and death-rattles. The little flames spurted and flashed everywhere; the white bark splintered and flew off the trunks of the little birches; one could catch glimpses of trembling hands fumbling hastily with

gun-locks, and of pallid, distorted faces. Whiffs of the acrid odors of powder smoke and blood were floating over the stream now; a dove-gray cloud of haze drifted, making its way upward through the branches of the little birches that now quivered as though in fright, while under the trees two small handfuls of men, one in olive-drab, the other in field-gray, were slaughtering one another, loading and firing and strewing the quaggy ground with shattered, writhing and groaning bodies.

* * *

And suddenly the firing died down, just as unexpectedly as it had begun.

There was no longer anybody in the clearing by now save the wounded and the slain. The soldiers in olive-drab had lain down in hiding behind boulders, while those in field-gray had hidden behind the trees. For a long while all hearts still trembled with a frequent excruciating tremor, and the same inhuman, malevolent horror persisted in their eyes,—but not a man fired a shot.

And so an hour passed, and then another.

The Russians lay, in silence, behind their boulders; the others, just as silent, lurked in the scanty copse; both, their eyes filled with poignant hatred, marking the least movement of the enemy, keenly watched one another. Only two were stirring: Uncle, leaning back against a tree, was whimpering in pain, softly and piteously, just like a fly caught in a web, while on the other bank a pale face, too young for a moustache, the eyes grown lifeless and by now veiled over with the pellicle of nearing death, was constantly straining to lift itself out of the turbidity of a pool. No one paid any heed to either man.

Each man felt upon himself the keen, implacable eyes of the enemy and could not stir, could not dare to stretch a benumbed leg. Once one of the field-gray men made an attempt to shift to a different spot, and at once three shots cracked

from the other bank and the soldier merely turned over and quieted down, just as though all he had really wanted to do had been only to turn over on his other side. Later on two more men were killed (one to each group) and again everything was stilled, save for the noise of the rain, just as if some unseen being were bitterly weeping in the woods.

Time went on, and the frightful nervous tension increased, a tension resembling premortem agony. It was evident that this could not keep up much longer, yet not a man but knew that the first one to raise his head would be shot down like a dog.

God knows what strange and tormenting thoughts went through their heads, befogged with malevolence and fear. Dull were these heads now, with all common sense knocked out of them.

Herschel Mak felt, poignantly, that he wanted to live; that he, just like each of these other soldiers, whether in field-gray or in olive-drab, had a father and a mother, had his own little cherished desires, far removed from the present scene. And he also felt sorry for both Uncle and for that Heinie over there, in the muddy puddle who, like as not, might have been killed by Uncle's bullet.

Time went on; the unbearable nervous horror increased, while the frightful inner tension, taut as a violin-string about to snap, was beginning to pass into that nightmare state when men feel their faces, hands and feet beginning to quiver, when a red haze springs up before the eyes, the fears of death and suffering disappear, and all that is human is transformed into an elemental, bestial frenzy.

And, lo, just when the string was about to snap, when the nightmare was on the very verge of resolving itself into a merciless hand-to-hand struggle, Herschel Mak, finding it beyond his strength to control his tautened nerves, raised up his voice in prayer, in the tongue of his fathers:

"Shma Isroel!—Hearken, Israel!"

The soldiers on his own side did not understand him and merely, in their terror, threw a fleeting glance at him, as though he were a madman, but from the other side came an answering voice as frightened as his own, also speaking in the ancient Hebrew tongue:

"Evrie! . . . Evrie! . . . A Hebrew, . . . a Hebrew!"

Herschel Mak was rooted to the spot. It would be impossible to transmit the insane joy, that purely human rapture, with which his heart filled when from the peace where he had expected nothing but hatred and death, there resounded familiar, comprehensible human speech.

He jumped up on his knees, lifted up his arms in oblivion of his deathly peril, and called out, like an answering voice in a wilderness.

"I am! . . . I am! . . ."

A rifle crackled, but it was only Herschel Mak's cap that, leaping up off his head, went skimming into a puddle.

Beyond the stream, from behind a tree, a characteristic head peered out, its ears sticking out from under the japanned casque.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Herschel Mak kept on yelling in spontaneous Russian, German and Hebrew, senselessly waving his arms.

The other Jew, in a long overcoat of field-gray, was for his part shouting something or other to his fellows. And by now it was not only his own head that was showing but also half-a-score of amazed faces, gazing at Herschel with astonished, rejoicing eyes. And in these eyes, suddenly become simple, comprehensible,—thoroughly frightened human eyes was to be glimpsed a vague hope, which they themselves could not yet grasp.

Thereupon Herschel Mak and the Jew in the field-gray uniform leapt out into the clearing and, splashing right into the water, trustingly ran toward each other. They came together between two ranks of gun-barrels still inimically bristling

with bayonets, and embraced in an impulse of increasing, human joy.

"Are you a Jew?" asked the soldier in field-gray.

And so they stood there and looked at each other, like two old acquaintances unexpectedly met in the least likely spot.

At dusk, having picked up their wounded and slain, looking cautiously over their shoulders, the soldiers quietly went their separate ways through the gully, now veiled over with the blue of the evening mist.

Those who brought up the rear threw an occasional backward glance of mistrustful puzzlement at their enemies, while their hands convulsively clasped the cold muzzles of their guns. Herschel Mak and the Jew in the field-gray overcoat were the only ones who stepped along unperturbed.

And during the whole march thereafter Herschel kept chattering like an ape, pestering now one uncomprehending soldier, now another. He kept saying something or other about how delighted he was, about some great mission or other of all Jewry.

But no one listened to him, and one of the men even said to him, without any malice, however:

"Eh, get the hell out of here, you mangy Jew!"

The Jew is the emblem of eternity. He whom neither slaughter nor torture of thousands of years could destroy, he whom neither fire nor sword nor inquisition was able to wipe off the face of the earth, he who was the first to produce the oracles of God, he who has been for so long the guardian of prophecy, and who transmitted it to the rest of the world—such a nation cannot be destroyed. The Jew is everlasting as is eternity itself.

LEO NIKOLAIEVITCH TOLSTOY



Grief, by LOUIS FREUND

Courtesy, The University of Kansas City Review

MIDWESTERN COMMENTARY

by

ELMER GERTZ

FOR SIX MONTHS THE ISSUE OF THE CAREY Ordinance (to establish a policy of non-discrimination in all publicly aided housing) hung in the balance in the City Council of Chicago, with the politicians afraid to dispose of it; then, under the prompting of Mayor Kennelly himself, the aldermen voted the Carey Ordinance down. But to their chagrin, and the Mayor's, the issue survives its ostensible defeat. It is a matter of national importance and should receive more than passing attention here.

The solution of Chicago's housing problems, all-pervasive in its reaches, is made excessively difficult by the racial complications. The essential fact of the situation is that the colored population is growing by leaps and bounds, while the white population of the city is static; at the same time, the area dedicated to Negro housing remains virtually constant. It is elementary that more living space must be found for the Negroes. But the politicians, and indeed vast segments of the white population, run away from this obvious fact. Nobody gets publicly aided housing because whites are afraid that blacks will have access to it on terms of equality; and little wholly private housing is built in any event, because of prohibitive costs.

Alderman Archibald J. Carey, working in close collaboration with individuals and organizations of good-will, decided that the ultimate democratic solution would be speeded up if it were clearly

established that the use of public funds necessarily meant non-discrimination and non-segregation in tenant selection and living conditions. So he introduced his much debated ordinance, and there was consternation in the ranks not only of the bigoted but even more among the faint-hearted. Many of the latter, led by Ferd Kramer and Milton Mumford, professed to be against the Carey Ordinance because, they said, it would stop all housing construction. True, there had been no housing and little was in prospect, but the Mayor and others contended that the Carey business would prevent the housing that was apparently around the corner, like Hoover's prosperity.

Now post-mortems are being held, under the leadership of the Commission on Human Relations, the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, the Public Housing Association and associated groups.

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IN THE LAST ISSUE OF THE CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, we promised to summarize in this issue the findings and recommendations of the Conference on Civic Unity. We hesitate to do so at this time because of our feeling that it will do little good to deal with new recommendations while old ones are ignored by the City Administration. Let me be specific. Several years ago a similar conference recommended the publication of a readable pamphlet on civil rights. Such a handbook was actu-

ally prepared, set up in print, and paid for; but it has never been distributed, because the Mayor and Corporation Counsel of Chicago have not seen fit to release it. In the same way, the Commission on Human Relations, charged with official responsibility in such matters, supported the Carey Ordinance, and was, indeed, a prime mover in its behalf. But the Mayor and City Counsel paid no attention.

It seems to us that one of the great needs of the day in Chicago is a revitalization of the Commission on Human Relations. Before the Commission can influence the general public, it must be able to influence public officials. It should face this problem frankly, if necessary speaking out. It will find, like Toussaint L'Ouverture in Wordsworth's great poem, that it has many powerful friends. It must be bold if it is to be effective.

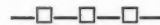


IN A RECENT ISSUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Chicago Law Review, there was a superbly written and, of course, critical analysis of the Federal loyalty concepts and procedures. It was written by Mr. Clifford Durr, formerly a member of the Federal Communications Commission. This mild-mannered, slightly built man from Alabama is heroic in the reaches of his heart and mind. He does not flinch when confronted by bigots; he does not hesitate to join in unpopular causes. In Detroit, on the anniversary of George Washington's birth, he was elected to succeed Robert W. Kenny as president of the National Lawyers Guild. He will give distinguished guidance and cool courage to that pioneering group of lawyers who recognize the high obligations of their profession. He will be assisted by an excellent group of officers; Charles Houston, the best known of the nation's Negro attorneys, being the only newcomer.

For the first time, fraternal delegates from various parts of the world partici-

pated in a Lawyers Guild convention. There were bright and eloquent men from Britain, France, Cuba and the Philippine Republic. They were curious about life in the midst of the Cold War, the trial of the Communists in New York being of particular interest to them. Next year there is likely to be a much broader representation of foreign lawyers at the Guild convention—unless, alas, the Cold War becomes hot and horrible.

The Guild convention had other great moments, as when Leo Linder presented a budget message for an adequate national welfare program, or when O. John Rogge, Charles Houston, W. E. B. DuBois and others told of the abridgements of civil rights and liberties in these supposedly free states. But what was most characteristic of the Convention was the high level of articulate intelligence and social enlightenment. Even the most pessimistic person could feel that the fires of freedom would be kept alive because there were still men and women who dared to add fuel.



THERE HAVE BEEN WITCHES RIDING THREAD-BARE brooms in Illinois in recent months. Discredited in intelligent circles, they are yet powerful in their influence for evil, because they are expressions of the current national hysteria. One Broyles has given his name to an infamous committee and several disgraceful bills, aimed at curtailing general freedom of expression while purporting to be aimed at Communists and fellow-travelers. Two great educational institutions—the University of Chicago and Roosevelt College—were the targets of investigation, probably because the latter in particular does not recognize barriers of race or religion. The leaders of these institutions, Robert Maynard Hutchins and Edward J. Sparling, spoke out effectively against the whole concept of guilt by association. One journalist has covered himself with glory and is entitled to the thanks of the

people of Illinois. Milburn P. Akers, of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has day in and day out jabbed at Broyles and his ignorant and malicious supporters; and "Pete" Akers has been increasingly effective. When the investigation of the colleges was first proposed, only Senator Abe Marovitz had guts and decency enough to vote against it. But as Akers continued his fight, supported by the *Sun-Times* and *News* editorially, sentiment changed perceptibly. As Harold J. Laski said to a group of us during his recent visit, there will come a time soon when anyone who had anything to do with supporting the Broyles bills and their national counterparts will be thoroughly discredited—like A. Mitchell Palmer after World War I. Godspeed to that day!

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IN CHICAGO ANOTHER ARTICULATE AND intelligent group of liberals held forth in convention during April. Americans for Democratic Action chose Chicago, rather than Washington, as the planning place during this most critical year. Hundreds of delegates from all parts of the country were there, led by that young Demosthenes from Minnesota, Senator Hubert Humphrey. Illinois' junior Senator, Paul Douglas, declared that the civil rights fight in Congress was simply delayed, not abandoned. He and others pledged that it would be renewed and carried on relentlessly until it resulted in first-class citizenship for Negroes and all others. Steps were taken to assure the expansion of A.D.A. To that end Leo A. Lerner was named as A.D.A. treasurer. Lerner is worth Battalions.

At the time of the convention, there was an exchange of views in *The Progressive* of Wisconsin on the American political scene, and particularly the late presidential election. Rexford Guy Tugwell proclaimed the A.D.A. people as "dauntless ditherers" and said that because they failed to rally 'round Henry Wallace the Progressive Party was left

in the hands of zealots who made every kind of blunder. He yet felt that the Progressive Party remained the great hope for a liberal renaissance in America. Senator Humphrey lashed at Tugwell ferociously and made many telling points. He said that liberals dare not play with Communists because Communists are not free agents, but the often witless or knavish tools of foreign masters.

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WHEN STEPHEN S. WISE SPOKE IN CHICAGO for the last time on the evening of March 12, when he was honored by the Decalogue Society of Lawyers, he referred to the address as his swan song. It was an address that will always live in the memories of those fortunate enough to have heard it. His voice was like a lute; the instrument of a great soul. None could doubt that here there was an authentic prophet, with something of Isaiah in him, much of Jeremiah, and most of all himself. In a period of hysteria, he asked for reason and justice; in a day of war-mongering, he wanted peace; intensely Jewish, he loved all men of good will.

All of the world, and not least of all the Middle West, joined in honoring Rabbi Wise when he died. It will be shocking, if his influence on our people should lessen with the years. "Wise's boys" will carry on in his tradition by fighting for the democratic faith. In Chicago we have Rabbi Morton Berman, president of the local division of Wise's American Jewish Congress; and we have Jacob Weinstein, Solomon Goldman and men like them, burning and yearning as he did for a revitalized and reborn Israel and America and One World.

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"THERE ARE MANY ARTISTS IN AMERICA who are Jews," said one of the speakers at the funeral of Todros Geller who died early this year, "but Geller was one of the few who were Jewish artists." This

struck a keynote. How high a rating the dynamic, versatile, enormously productive little man who had a Slavic appearance, a Jewish spirit, and an American knack for getting things done quickly will ultimately be given it is too soon to say. But this much is certain: Geller had a profound and widespread influence. His searching, vibrant, eager personality made an indelible impress upon the minds, hearts, and souls of many thousands. And his quaint and rhythmic depictions of Jewish folklore in the form of easel paintings; his rich and mystic stained glass windows; his dream-like woodcuts; his bold, incisive woodcarvings; his powerful, strikingly symbolic murals; his illuminating book illustrations will continue to speak for him—continue to remind us of the present generation and those that come after us that, in addition to Jewish subject matter, there can be and there is such a thing as a Jewish spirit in art.



A SMALL GROUP OF PHYSICIANS AND laymen recently lunched here with Dr. Ernst Boaz, the distinguished chairman of the Physician's Forum. This was a sort of pow-wow preliminary to an evening meeting for medical men to launch a local campaign, in the home of the American Medical Association, to secure support among professional people for a national health program. It was significant that even in this intimate group, there were leaders of both major wings of the trade union movement, recognized spokesmen for the Negroes, veterans and general citizenry. There were such persons as Dr. John Lapp, Hubert L. Will, Myrna Bordelon, Willard Townsend, Joseph Lohman, Dr. Arthur G. Falls and others. The prevailing opinion was that there would be increasing popular support for the program, as part of the equilateral and general welfare movement of our day, but that the vested medical interests would generally oppose it. In the evening,

however, several hundred physicians attended the meeting to launch a local chapter of the Physician's Forum. This is a small segment of the profession, perhaps; but out of such nuclear groups social reforms are often born.



A KIND OF TERMINOLOGICAL BATTLE IS going on in Jewish circles in Chicago as elsewhere. David Petegorsky of the American Jewish Congress has declared in speeches here that the Zionist organization should be dissolved and the work of assisting Israel taken over by other groups, now that the political purposes of Zionism have been achieved. Others have answered this argument by forming new Zionist lodges! Certain it is that this is a period of definition. Out of it will emerge clear lines of demarcation between the tasks of the Israelis and the work of the Jews of America. No Jew need feel selfconscious about the matter.



WHILE RELAXING IN ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL state parks of Illinois, I was astonished to see the face of a Nisei, a guest like ourselves. This was, I believe, the first non-Caucasian, other than a servant, that I have ever seen in such "places of public accommodation." Certainly I have never seen a Negro in Starved Rock Lodge or in similar spots. I realize that non-whites are often sensitive about subjecting themselves to possible slights. But is this the whole explanation? We have a long road to travel if we are to become truly civilized and to accept all human beings for what they are, rather than their pigmentation.

*Those who deny freedom to others
deserve it not for themselves, and, under
a just God, cannot long retain it.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

Letter to H. L. Pierce, April 6, 1859

NEW YORK NOTES

By VERO

HIS PERSONALITY vibrant with power is a sensitive vehicle to stir, instruct and inspire an audience. He has that oratorical flair that fascinates, that something which we call magnetism plays upon his favorite instrument. . . He is a champion of the disinherited, an enemy of corruption in municipal government, of child labor, of intolerance, bigotry and narrow nationalism. . . Perhaps no rabbi of the modern school in America has so endeared himself to Christian ministers and laymen of the various churches as this 20th century Jew who speaks as one with authority and in behalf of the inarticulate masses as well as the voiceful cultural minority."

Thus a number of years ago a Christian minister, the Reverend Edgar DeWitt Jones, wrote eloquently and jubilantly about Stephen S. Wise. We loathe to think of the changes Fate has now imposed upon the text. Now it must read: He was—he had—he spoke—for on April 19 Dr. Wise, loved by millions of Jews and Christians, passed away in a New York hospital. He was seventy-five when death arrived, and he was mourned by the entire nation. So was his friend, that staunch liberal and devoted Jew, Sol Bloom, who completed his long career in New York City at the age of seventy-nine. This writer who happens to be a resident of the Congressional District that the Democrat Bloom represented at Washington for a quarter of a century, participated in the funeral services held at the West Side Institutional Synagogue: there, at the side of the American flag

flew the blue-white banner of Israel, emblem of a sovereign Jewish state.

As chairman of the House Committee for Foreign Affairs, Bloom had done his utmost to defeat the foes of Israel. As for Wise, he had devoted 50 years of his life to the Zionist idea. A few weeks before his death Dr. Wise had to speak at the bier of another lover of Zion, the writer Menahem Boraisha, who, for fifteen years, had been in the service of the American Jewish Congress: "Menahem Boraisha was poet and journalist. Journalism was a by-path trodden under the compulsion of human need. Poet he was by the grace of God. He was a poet in the Greek sense of the term: creator, maker in his own case of a noble and hallowed life. Not merely singer or versifier, but the remaker of the tragic history of his people."

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IN HIS great Yiddish poem, *Der Gayer*, Boraisha had beautifully expressed his longings for the establishment of a free and happy Jewish nation in an independent Jewish land. He lived to see this dream come true, but it was only several weeks after his premature death that the flag of Israel was raised at Lake Success to commemorate Israel's admission to the United Nations. I shall never forget Foreign Minister Sharett's speech, delivered on the rostrum of the UN's General Assembly, after the Assembly's President had announced Israel's admission as the 59th state and the crowded, emotional gallery stood and cheered. He

quoted from the prophet Isaiah, and he spoke these immortal words first in English, then in Hebrew:

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

A few weeks earlier there had been "Open House" at the Israeli Consulate in New York City (it is located in a former Vanderbilt town house), and crowds of Jews lined up at the doors to chat with Israel's Consul Arthur Lurie and UN representative Aubrey Eban and see at least a part of the machinery of Israel's government. I could not help remembering, for the fraction of a minute, another, less pleasing experience: how thousands of persecuted Jews in Central Europe were waiting before the doors of various Consulates in order to get visas—but in most cases these doors remained shut to the desperate victims of Hitlerism. . .

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I AM HAPPY to say that an unpretentious, modest man who had done his best towards ending the war in the Middle East was not forgotten in those days of triumph. At a dinner at the Waldorf Astoria Dr. Ralph Bunche was honored with the annual award of the American Association for the United Nations. President Truman expressed his appreciation by letter: "Dr. Bunche so handled the task which fell upon him unexpectedly that the dignity and integrity of the U.N. were upheld under unusual circumstances." A dozen of speakers praised the Negro educator and diplomat who had manifested such unusual gifts of heart and mind as the UN's acting mediator in Palestine. Then Dr. Bunche himself rose to speak. He was pleased about the success in the Holy Land, but warned the audience that the situation was not yet absolutely satisfactory. Then, "as an American and a Negro" he went on to urge the settlement of a problem "more complex and baffling than the Palestine

problem," namely, the denial of "fundamental rights and political, economic and social equality" to fourteen million U.S. Negroes: "Racial bigotry makes mockery of both the Constitution and the UN Charter."

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FROM THAT beloved trouble spot Palestine has come a documentary film, "Tomorrow's a Wonderful Day," which, I hope, will be shown all over the States. Released in this country by Hadassah, the picture shows the children's village of Ben Shemen where thousands of refugee boys and girls have recaptured the dignity of life. The "hero" of this movie, the boy Benjamin who had survived several concentration camps, is suspicious of everybody and everything at his new home. Given a piece of bread, he hides it: seeing children play barefoot, he thinks that here, too, the shoes are being taken away, for he remembers the mountain of children's shoes outside a Nazi death camp. Slowly, however, Benjamin casts off those terrible memories and becomes a happy human being.

Far less successful than this Palestinian film is the Italian movie, "The Wandering Jew." In the first place, it is unfortunate that the authors of the play have dug up the old Christian anti-Semitic legend of the "Wandering Jew" to serve as a framework for this picture. Secondly, the movie makers failed completely in their efforts to telescope, through a few highly stylized flashbacks, the history of Jewish suffering from the burning of the Temple by the Romans, to pogroms in medieval Germany, to the Spain of the Inquisition, to the horrors of the Nazi Reich. On the other hand, the film contains quite a few remarkable scenes. The breakthrough from the concentration camp is fraught with tension. And there are a number of unforgettable episodes. Take the frightful death of a pretty prisoner who, trying to avoid being pressed into an SS bordello, ends up on the electrically charged

barbed wire. Or take the story of Professor Epstein who refuses to use his fellow-prisoners as guinea pigs on brain experiments and is hanged. Incidentally, Pietro Sharoff, who portrays the brave physician as a mixture of Dr. Einstein and the fictitious Dr. Mamlock is a first-rate actor.

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AN IMPORTANT EVENT in the realm of Jewish culture was the first American Conference for Hebrew Language and Culture, held in New York under the auspices of the Brith Ivrit Olamith, World Hebrew Association, and Histadruth Ivrit, the Hebrew Federation of America. No fewer than thirty-six national Jewish organizations participated and discussed the problems of the dissemination of Hebrew culture in America. The Conference adopted a program aimed at teaching Hebrew to a million American Jews!

Significant, too, is the fact that since the Jewish Museum opened its gates in May, 1947, some 175,000 visitors have entered it. This figure we learned when the Museum's second "birthday" was celebrated in the swanky edifice that was once the home of Felix M. Warburg. The highlights of the birthday celebration included an address, delivered by Professor Meyer Shapiro of Columbia University's Art Department and a concert featuring the pianists Frederick and Irene Jacobi.

Speaking of musicians, the National Jewish Music Council, with the help of the Jewish Welfare Board, last spring proclaimed the observance of its fifth annual Jewish Music Festival Month. Throughout the country, but especially in New York, Jews gathered at synagogues, community centers and concert halls to listen to Jewish music. About that time, unfortunately, a man passed away in New York who influenced and was himself greatly influenced by Jewish music. Warsaw-born Ignaz Waghalter

descended from a family of famous *klezmerim* (musicians) who played at *chasenes* (weddings), *tenoim* (betrothals) and other ghetto festivities. In 1897, at the age of sixteen, Ignaz Waghalter clandestinely crossed the Russian border into Prussia, and went to Berlin to study theory of music. For many years he served as general musical director of the Deutsches Opernhaus of Berlin-Charlottenburg, the largest opera house in all Germany. Ousted from his position in Berlin by the Nazis, he emigrated to the United States. Waghalter had several operas to his credit, characterized, like all of his music, by an abundance of melos. He also wrote songs to Yiddish texts, and made piano arrangements of Eastern European folk songs. His autobiography, *Aus dem Ghetto in die Freiheit*, in which he described his rise from boyhood in the Jewish quarter of Warsaw to a leading position in German musical life, in defiance of hardship and anti-Semitic opposition, ought to be translated into English.

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"I THANK GOD I am here in America and can have this exhibition and show these bearded rabbis," Max Weber exclaimed, a number of years ago, when Nazism was still a proud and insolent force in Europe. He was referring to his show which drew more than twenty thousand people and was held over for several weeks longer than originally scheduled: "Only, Hitler should see this!"

His jubilant statement was justified: in this country the realm of the plastic arts has been conspicuously free of poisonous prejudice. And last spring the above-mentioned "bearded rabbis" could be seen again in a retrospective Weber exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum, perhaps the largest exhibition ever held of a living American artist. Lloyd Goodrich, who arranged the show, simultaneously issued a richly illustrated study about Weber (published by Mac-

millan) who, with John Marin, is now one of our two surviving "old masters."

This reviewer is not alone in his opinion that Weber's most striking works happen to be those dealing with Jewish subjects. But he must not be pinned down as an observer of Jewish life. In fact, he is the most universal, most versatile of American modernists. Above all, his amazing spirituality prevents Weber from drying up, from becoming rigid or trite. The pictures he has produced as a sexagenarian reveal a rejuvenation, an alacrity filling us with new hope. Compared to the looseness and freedom, the dancing lightness of his latest canvases, the work he once, four decades ago, produced in Paris looks almost clumsy.

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I DEEPLY REGRET that I have to report about a few rather unpleasant facts marring the face of American democracy. The students of New York's City College have, so far, lost their fight against a couple of anti-Semitic, anti-Negro teachers. Unfortunately, the Fourth Estate, as news-papers are frequently being referred to, failed to help the students, if it did not harm their cause by labeling the students' strike as a purely Communist affair. An exception was the *New York Post* which gave as well as it could the students' side of the strike, opening an editorial with the following paragraph: "The student demonstration at City College must not be brushed aside with a red smear. The younger generation in a city like ours deserves clear-cut answers to its questions, and not abuse."

Nor was the strike a purely Jewish and Negro affair. For instance, a group of Roman Catholic women issued a leaflet expressing sympathy with the aims of the students. Significantly, the strike received the support of the Young Republican Club, a constituent of an association of campus organizations called Equity.

For the time being, all was in vain.

Temporarily, Messrs. Knickerbocker and Davis are the victors. The veterans who wore placards saying "This Wasn't What We Fought For" were right, it seems. . .

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ODDLY ENOUGH, a number of large Jewish organizations dissociated themselves from any picketing or "overt acts" by way of protest against the German industries fair at the Museum of Science and Industry, Rockefeller Center. This silence amounted towards accepting the revival of German industry under Nazi auspices! For the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League had compiled very interesting data on the participants in the exhibit. Believe it or not, ten of the exhibitors were subsidiaries of thirty-two top German cartels black-listed in 1946 by General Clay, Military Governor of the US Zone of Germany! Take the case of Lodenfrey: he supported Hitler from his beginnings. This firm made the uniforms for the Wehrmacht, the SS and the other military groups of Nazi murderers. The producer of Unterberg Bitters once had the beer concession at German American Bund Camps, and was a leader of a Bund group for boycotting Jewish business firms here, while Henkell Champagne is owned by the firm of the late Von Ribbentrop!

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NEW YORKERS are still upset by the fact that the 1948 Bollingen Award for the best poetry of the year was awarded to that Fascist and vicious anti-Semite, Ezra Pound, now an inmate in a lunatic asylum. An interesting symposium on "The Question of the Pound Award" appeared in a recent issue of *Partisan Review*. After editor William Barrett had deplored the mistake of overrating Pound's *Pisan Cantos*, W. H. Auden remarked that he would censor the work if he thought that it might reach many individuals (which he thought it would not): "That would not, however, prevent me from awarding

the *Pisan Cantos* a prize before withholding it from the public."

Robert Gorham Davis: "They (the *Cantos*) are important documents: they should be available, they should be read. But they deserve no prize."

Clement Greenberg: "I am sick of the art-adoration that prevails among cultured people. . . that art silliness which condones almost any moral or intellectual failing on the artist's part as long as he is or seems a successful artist."

Irving Howe: "Pound, by virtue of his public record and utterances, is beyond the bounds of our intellectual life."

George Orwell: "I think the Bollingen Foundation were quite right to award Pound the prize, if they believed his poems to be the best of the year, but I think also that one ought to keep Pound's career in memory and not feel that his ideas are made respectable by the mere fact of winning a literary prize."

Karl Shapiro: "I voted against Pound. . . My first and more crucial reason was that I am a Jew and cannot honor anti-Semites. My second reason I stated in a report which was circulated among the Fellows: 'I voted against Pound in the belief that the poet's political and moral philosophy ultimately vitiates his poetry and lowers its standard as literary work.'"

Mr. Allen Tate, who was among the judges who voted for Pound, rejects the idea that he and the others who awarded the prize to Pound were dominated by anti-Semitic prejudice.

(The above statements are quotations from short pieces that appeared in *Partisan Review*).

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LET'S END WITH HUMOR. Let me report about *Der Shirtz*—which is Hadassah's title for a very free and funny translation of "H.M.S. Pinafore," by Gilbert and Sullivan. As performed by the pretty ladies of Hadassah's Kadimah Group,

Der Shirtz is a lively Yiddish operetta: when Buttercup speaks of her wares as "snuff and tobacco, and excellent jacky," her Yiddish counterpart Puttershissel sings of noodles and pirogen and other products of Mamma's kitchen. Incidentally, Captain Corcoran has become Captain Pincus Reichberg, Sir Joseph Porter came out Admiral Reb Yussel Nimitzbaum, and Dick Deadeye is now Shlame the Shlemiehl.

To be sure, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan would have laughed as heartily as did the Brooklyn audiences—and tens of thousands of dollars were raised among these audiences for such fine organizations as the Jewish National Fund and Youth Aliyah!

The violent racialism to be found in Europe today is a symptom of Europe's exaggerated nationalism: it is an attempt to justify nationalism on a non-nationalist basis . . . The cure for the racial mythology, with its accompanying self-exaltation and persecution of others, which now besets Europe, is a reorientation of the nationalist ideal and, in the practical sphere, an abandonment of claims by nations to absolute sovereign rights. Meanwhile, however, science and the scientific spirit can do something by pointing out the biological realities of the ethnic situation and by refusing to lend her sanction to the absurdities and the horrors perpetrated in her name. Racialism is a myth, and a dangerous myth at that. It is a cloak for selfish economic aims which in their uncloaked nakedness would look ugly enough. And it is not scientifically grounded. The essence of science is the appeal to fact.

JULIAN S. HUXLEY
and ALFRED G. HADDON

West Coast Letter

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

JUST AS THIEVES sometimes fall out, so anti-Semites sometimes disagree. A few years ago the residents of the 13th Councilmanic District in Los Angeles recalled their councilman, Meade McClanahan, on the ground that he had become an active partisan of Gerald L. K. Smith's movement. Recently many residents of the district received a letter from Mr. McClanahan in which he acknowledged that he had been taken in by Smith. The letter also urged these residents to purchase, at a dollar a copy, a booklet by the Rev. Jonathan Ellsworth Perkins entitled: "The Biggest Hypocrite in America: Gerald L. K. Smith Unmasked." The pamphlet contains a foreword by Mr. McClanahan which bitterly denounces Smith and all his works. The booklet itself, of 152-pages, is a long rhetorical denunciation of Smith by one of his former henchmen. For a year or more, in fact, the Rev. Perkins was on Smith's pay-roll and the fact that he is no longer on this pay-roll probably accounts for the appearance of the booklet. The Rev. Perkins has been an active anti-Semitic pamphleteer and speaker in Los Angeles for many years; nor has he abandoned his anti-Semitism. In presenting me with a copy of the book, the Rev. Perkins expressed the hope that I would review it, preferably for some "Jewish" publication, and that I would denounce it with a bitterness that would promote its sale.

Unfortunately for him, the book is not worth denouncing, vigorously or otherwise; nor is it worth any one's dollar. It is, however, always good to note that anti-Semites have a penchant for quarreling among themselves.

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RADIO STATION KMPC continues to fight desperately to avoid a public hearing on charges filed with the Federal Communications Commission by the American Jewish Congress. George A. Richards acquired this 50,000-watt Los Angeles station in 1937 and still owns 64.8 percent of the stock. Among the charges filed with the FCC is the charge that Richards and station KMPC have unfairly reported the activities of certain minorities, including the Jewish minority. The latest effort of the station to avoid a public hearing on the charges consists in an announcement, made on April 18th, that Richards will retire and transfer control of the station to three trustees: Dr. John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State College; L. P. Fisher, vice-president of Fisher & Company of Detroit; and Harry J. Klingler, manager of General Motors' Pontiac Division. Presumably Frank C. Mullen, formerly vice-president of NBC, would be placed in executive control of the station along with station WGAR in Cleveland and WJR in Detroit which are

also owned by Richards. At the same time it was also announced that KMPC had entered into a cooperative agreement with the new Los Angeles *Mirror* where-by the newsgathering facilities of both institutions would be "pooled to bring readers and listeners fresh, brisk, authentic accounts" of the news. Both measures are obviously aimed at building support for the station and at avoiding, if possible, a public hearing on the charges. It would be most unfortunate, however, if the FCC were to cancel the scheduled hearings. The public is entitled to know whether the charges filed against Richards are true or false.

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AN ISSUE of great importance to the Jewish Community of Los Angeles has arisen since my last letter. Some weeks ago a sub-committee of the Community Relations Committee held hearings on the question of whether the Jewish Peoples Fraternal Order of the I.W.O. was entitled to be represented on the committee. A formal report was then presented to the committee as a whole charging that the JPRO is a "subversive" organization by reason of the fact that it has been listed, as such, by the Attorney-General. In Los Angeles, the JPRO has a membership of 4,500 organized in 21 Yiddish and English-speaking lodges. It also has a local women's division of 800 members. The sub-committee recommended, over strong minority opposition and after a heated debate, that the JPRO should be expelled from the committee. The ouster movement, however, encountered still stronger opposition in the Community Relations Committee as a whole and action on the report was "indefinitely" postponed. Spokesmen for the JPRO believe that the report will be taken up by the committee once the current United Jewish Appeal campaign has been concluded. The filing of charges against the JPRO seems to stem from the annual election, held in January, to the

Los Angeles Jewish Community Council. Among twenty new directors elected to the board of the council was Abraham Maymudes, then executive secretary of the JPRO. Generally speaking, the "progressives" seem to have prevailed at this election. It has been suggested that the more conservative elements on the council, disturbed by the victory of the progressives, decided to launch a purge of the council. One spokesman for this element has stated, quite frankly, that he would like to see two councils, not one, in Los Angeles: a conservative and a progressive. This would almost certainly be the result were the council to purge the JPRO. Should this happen, then most of the excellent work of Charles Brown, who did so much during his incumbency as president of the council to unite all elements of the community, would be undone. From the "east side" of Los Angeles to Beverly Hills, the question of whether the council should join with the Thomas and Tenney Committees in purging its own ranks of so-called "subversive" elements has been a major topic of dinner-table debate for the last thirty days. Incidentally the council is to be congratulated on the selection of Judge Isaac Pacht as its president for 1949. Judge Pacht is one of the outstanding liberal leaders of the Jewish Community.

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THE Southern California Division of the American Jewish Congress held its annual convention in Los Angeles, at the Biltmore Hotel, on January 22nd and 23rd. Special panels were devoted to the battle against prejudice; Israel and World Jewry; and the work of the Law and Social Action Commission. Among the resolutions adopted was a strongly-worded denunciation of the Tenney Committee. "This infamous committee," reads the resolution, "has emulated all of the worst aspects of its national counterpart by resorting to loyalty checks, censorship

of books, illegal wire tapping and irresponsible character assassination of individuals and groups." At a recent legislative session in Sacramento, Senator Tenney denounced sex education in the schools on the ground that any discussion of sex was "subversive!"

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THE Southern California regional office of the ADL, under the excellent direction of Milton Senn, has recently issued two valuable reports, one of which deals with the admission forms in use in colleges and universities. Questionnaires were sent to 36 schools within the regional area which embraces Arizona, Nevada, and Southern California, and all but 3 of these schools replied. Only 4 schools were found to follow a policy of not asking questions concerning the following items: race, religion, church, nationality, and descent or ancestry. Most of them required photographs of the applicant for admission. Of the schools that included such questions in their admission forms, 12 requested information as to the applicant's race and an equal number inquired as to the applicant's religion. With characteristic diligence, Mr. Senn has been following up the findings of the report. Recently a B'nai B'rith delegation met with the Governor of Arizona and discussed with him the substance of the report and similar steps have also been taken to implement the recommendations of the report which are in line with those set forth in the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

The other report has to do with the efforts which have been made in the Los Angeles area to circumvent the decision of the Supreme Court in *Shelley vs. Kraemer* (May 3rd, 1948) on restrictive covenants. The report provides excellent detail on the methods being used by realty boards and banks to nullify this decision. Among the methods in general use are: pressure by various realty

boards upon their members not to sell property in restricted areas to Negroes; the filing of disciplinary actions against those members who disregard this injunction; pressure on financial institutions not to finance sales to Negroes; and the stimulation of various "protest" movements aimed at intimidating Negroes from moving into homes which they have purchased subsequent to the court's decision. A dozen or so incidents of this character are described in the report with names, dates, and full details. The report could not have been more timely and it has already had an excellent effect.

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DISCRIMINATION in mountain resort areas in Southern California continues to be a minor irritant. Recently my attention was called to the fact that the Moonridge Mountain Resort, at Big Bear Lake, requires an application for reservations. The application form specifies that all questions must be "completely answered." Among the questions asked are these: nationality, race, descent, and citizenship.

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TWENTY-SIX organizations were represented at the 3rd annual convention of the California Federation for Civic Unity held at Santa Barbara on December 4th and 5th. Despite many difficulties, this state-wide federation has continued to function and seems to be striking fairly deep roots in a number of communities. It has been of particular value this year in keeping member organizations advised of legislative matters in Sacramento. Although a number of measures of particular interest to minorities were presented to the legislature this session, only two seem certain of passage: a measure to prohibit discrimination in the National Guard and a measure to prohibit insurance companies from discriminating in the issuance of automobile insurance. Governor Earl Warren has proposed the

creation of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of race relations in California as a forerunner, obviously, for a fair employment practices commission. However the proposal was killed in committee, with the Republican members of the committee voting against the proposal by the Republican Governor and the Democrats supporting this proposal.

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ANGELENOS were shocked by the action of Dr. Clarence Dykstra, Vice-President of the University of California and Provost of UCLA, in canceling a scheduled appearance on the campus by Harold Laski. However the Hillman Foundation, sponsor of Laski's appearances, took the Embassy Auditorium for a meeting on April 18th, with James Roosevelt as chairman, and had an overflow attendance. Dr. Dykstra, formerly president of the University of Wisconsin and city manager of Cincinnati, has been a distinct disappointment to his many friends and admirers in Los Angeles. His first years at UCLA were characterized by the liberalism for which he has acquired a national reputation; but, for the last several years, he has been "cracking down" at UCLA. Liberalism at the university is currently at its lowest ebb. Students hesitate to take part in liberal activities and the consistently liberal editorial policy of the *Bruin*, the campus daily, is about the only beacon on the campus. It should be noted, however, that Dr. Edgar Warren, director of the Institute of Industrial Relations, took sharp public issue with Dr. Dykstra over the cancellation of the Laski meeting.

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AT A recent hearing before a committee of the Colorado legislature on a proposed FEPC statute, Kenneth Goff, director of the Englewood Tabernacle and head of Gerald L. K. Smith's "Colorado Anti-Communist League" was forcefully

ejected by the sergeant-at-arms after he had created a near-riot in the course of a vehement argument against the bill. The Smith-ites have also been active in Los Angeles. On February 23rd and 24th, meetings were held at the Embassy Auditorium which were addressed by Don Lohbeck and Wesley Swift. Lohbeck was billed as Smith's personal emissary and the man "who is leading the Middle West campaign for segregation of the black and white races." These activities should be appraised in the light of a recent report of the ADL showing that discrimination in employment is on the increase in Los Angeles. A report on discriminatory want-ads, released by the ADL on March 11, 1949, shows that 4% of the help wanted ads in the *Times*, 4% of those in the *Citizen-News*, 3% of those in the *Examiner*, and 2.3% of those in the *Herald* contain discriminatory specifications on the score of race or religion or both. "This data, and other information which we have documented," says the ADL report, "give substantial validity to the claims of those who propose a fair employment practices commission as the really effective method to combat discrimination in employment in the Los Angeles area."

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THERE is a certain sector of Protestantism which seems to be constitutionally incapable of ridding itself of the taint of anti-Semitism even when it makes an effort to do so. The Church of the Open Door in Los Angeles is an old-fashioned, free-wheeling, evangelical institution; a combination church, theological seminary, and missionary center. Recently the Rev. Roy L. Laurin preached a sermon at the Church—subsequently reprinted in pamphlet form—on the perennial subject: "What Shall We Do With The Jews?" The title is interesting, for it assumes, of course, that *something* should be done with the Jews. Throughout this 16-page pamphlet, the Rev. Laurin tries to be

"fair," that is, he urges tolerance, a sympathetic attitude, Christian charity. But, somehow, the old barbs keep returning; it is as though he were quite incapable of fairness, as though he were wholly unaware of his own bias. For example, in discussing "segregation" as a possible solution—a solution which he rejects—he cannot refrain from saying that if the Jews were colonized in Africa they would "soon be selling refrigerators and fur coats in every African Kraal." After discussing various so-called "solutions" to "the problem"—a problem which is strictly a product of his own imagination,—Rev. Laurin then advocates repatriation to Palestine as the "natural" solution. However he is not quite satisfied with repatriation as a solution, for the pamphlet ends on the note that the Jews must be "regenerated."

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THE DEATH of Dr. Stephen S. Wise prompts me to note in this letter that it was my good fortune to have met him, for the first and only time, nearly a year ago in New York. I came away from this meeting more thoroughly convinced than

ever before that Stephen S. Wise was one of the truly great men of our times. "A man," as Maurice Samuel has said, "is what he is intrinsically; his efforts, springing from his character, give us the measure of him." By every intrinsic standard, Dr. Wise was a great man. He had courage; he was kind; he had great magnanimity; he had a real insight into human beings and a great human understanding and compassion. He had, also, the qualities of a great leader: a matchless sense of timing, a superb ability to dramatize issues, and the integrity which leadership demands. The sharp, stinging rebuke that he delivered, shortly before his death, to the Catholic Church, for certain recent policies, was an excellent example of his shrewd and canny leadership. Something of this sort had to be said and he chose the right time to say it and precisely the right words. The statement was brief, to the point, and unmistakably clear; nor was its effectiveness marred by over-elaboration or rhetorical emphasis. He simply said what he had to say—cogently and briefly—and let it go at that. I shall always remember my meeting with this great American, this great citizen of the world.

In the darkest times of the Middle Ages, when Asiatic clouds had gathered darkly over Europe, it was Jewish free-thinkers, scholars, and physicians who upheld the banner of enlightenment and of intellectual independence under the severest personal sufferings, and defended Europe and Asia: we owe it not least to their efforts that a more natural, more reasonable, at all events un-mythical, explanation of the world was finally

able to get the upper hand once more, and that the link of culture which now unites us with the enlightenment of Greco-Roman antiquity has remained unbroken. If Christianity has done everything to orientalize the Occident, Judaism has assisted in occidentalizing it anew; which, in a certain sense, is equivalent to making Europe's mission and history a continuation of that of Greece.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

WASHINGTON NOTES

By MURRAY FRANK

SOMETHING NOVEL in the way of combating prejudice against minority groups was the recent series of public lectures in Washington under the general title "Units for Unity." This training course in human relations was sponsored by the Interchurch Fellowship, with the aid of such civic defense groups as the American Council on Race Relations, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Among the lecturers were Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, Sen. William Langer of North Dakota, Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union, and others.

It was a series of seven weekly lectures during March and April centering around the following thought expressed in the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, adopted earlier this year: "Recognition of the inherent dignity and equal rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and understanding." The first lecture dealt with "The Washington Story," in which was presented the intercultural climate in the Nation's Capital with emphasis on the areas of integration and the areas of understanding.

Subsequent lectures were devoted to a discussion of the future of civil rights; "Your Jewish Neighbor," in which the heritage of Judaism and the Jewish contribution to civilization were reviewed; "Your Negro Neighbor," relating the difficulties encountered by this minority group in employment, housing, education

and health facilities; "Your Foreign-Born Neighbor," the story of those who may still retain a foreign accent, different facial features or are sometimes regarded dubiously—yet they help make America what it is.

The last two lectures stressed what organizations and individuals are doing and can do to eliminate prejudice and promote unity and understanding, such as support intercultural agencies, support legislation to eradicate undemocratic practices, promote understanding in the home and in the community, etc. To the impatient it may seem like a slow process, but it is sure and in the long-run it gets the best results.

* * *

ANOTHER INTERESTING STEP in the promotion of interfaith understanding was taken recently by Sen. Irving M. Ives (Republican of New York), who introduced a resolution in Congress to designate the fourth Sunday in September of each year as Interfaith Day. The U.S., states Sen. Ives in his resolution, is founded on the basis of freedom of thought and conscience and it is therefore contrary to American traditions and to the guarantees of freedom of worship embodied in the U.S. Constitution to foment antagonism between Americans on a basis of sectarian creed. Consequently, he is of the opinion that national observance and participation of all Americans, regardless of sect or creed, in an annual Interfaith Day would be a practicable means for encouraging mutual understanding.

The resolution was introduced early in April and was referred to the Senate Judiciary Committee for action, but in the latter part of May no action had yet been taken. Could it be that Committee Chairman Sen. Pat McCarran (Democrat of Nevada), known as one of the most bigoted men in the Senate, is opposed to this resolution and to its message of interfaith understanding?

* * *

IF LEGISLATION to liberalize the discriminatory Displaced Persons Act of 1948 has moved as slowly as molasses in the 81st Congress, where it was considered as "must" legislation last January, it is also due in large part to Sen. McCarran. The Gentleman from Nevada, besides being bigoted and reactionary, is also a violent foe of liberal immigration to this country and far from being a friend of nationality and minority groups. He has consistently refused to hold formal hearings on the bills to amend the DP Act.

Then, at the end of April, when Congress had already been in session for four full months and had still failed to liberalize the DP Act, McCarran introduced a bill of his own to increase the number of DP's to be admitted into the U.S. from 205,000 in two years to 507,000 in four years. Did McCarran suddenly become soft-hearted or sympathetic to human misery? No, there is a catch to it. In the first place, he leaves all the old restrictions in his bill, including the "cut-off" date in 1945 which eliminates most of the Jews in the DP camps for eligibility to enter the U.S., also the preference given to farmers, to Baltic nationals, to ethnic Germans, etc.

Next, McCarran tries to make the existing act even more stringent by limiting entry only to "war-displaced persons" in the occupied areas of Europe. He thereby warned the Senate that "if we expand the category of eligible displaced persons to include not only war-displaced persons but also refugees and displaced persons

irrespective of considerations of time or geographical area" there will be an influx of millions of refugees to this country. By limiting the entry of DP's to the war-displaced, which McCarran estimates at about a half million, no others become eligible while the great majority of the half million war-displaced will be denied entry by the restrictive clauses in the existing law.

No wonder, then, that the proposal of the "great humanitarian" McCarran was received coldly in the Senate and was attacked by some of his colleagues as meaningless. And Sen. Ives asked: "What good would it do to raise the number, if they can't get in?"

* * *

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES recently passed by a voice vote a bill to end the remaining racial restrictions in the immigration and naturalization laws against Asiatic and Pacific minorities and to establish quotas for those peoples. This is a further step to amend the wrong committed against these peoples when the doors of this country were completely shut against them in the 1920's and which resulted at the time in widespread hatred of the U.S. throughout the continent of Asia. In recent years this grievous mistake is gradually being rectified, the first step having been taken in 1943 when a small quota was established for China; in 1946 quotas were assigned for the Philippines and India.

If the bill concerning Asiatic and Pacific peoples is also passed by the Senate, where it is now awaiting action, about 87,000 residents of the U.S. who are of Asiatic origin will become eligible to apply for citizenship in this country, which they had been denied previously. In addition, small quotas would be established for countries like Japan, Pakistan, Ceylon, Siam, Korea and others. Most of these quotas would be about 100 annually so that no great influx would occur at any time; but the significant thing about

this bill is not the token quota established for each country, it is the right of citizenship accorded some 87,000 residents of this country who belong to minority groups, and it is also the removal of the stigma of racial or national inferiority from Asiatic peoples whose friendship and international moral support we may need some day.

* * *

ONE OF THOSE who sponsored the bill to extend equality in naturalization and immigration to Asiatic peoples was Chicago's freshman Congressman Sidney R. Yates of the 9th Illinois Congressional District, which has the largest Japanese-American population outside of the city of Los Angeles. Yates, an ardent and aggressive liberal, told the House when the bill was up for consideration:

"I take great pride in supporting this legislation. I believe it will end a wrong against a fine segment of our national community, a wrong which had no foundation in fact at its inception, and which certainly now has no excuse for existence. I have many Japanese within my district, the parents who are aliens, and their children born in this country who are citizens of the United States. I never knew a more hard-working, thrifty, social-minded group. . . It is a cynical paradox that these people should be designated aliens. They are Americans. . . Just as they assumed the obligations of citizens by giving their blood, their lives, and their substance to protect our democratic ideals so, comparably, are they entitled to the benefits which citizenship bestows."

Yates has also been in the forefront of the fight to retain rent control, the fight to replace the Taft-Hartley act, to check monopolies; he introduced a bill to establish a publicly supported labor extension program for wage earners, and other liberal legislation in support of President Truman's Fair Deal program. Chicago has good reason to be proud of its new representative in Congress. Sidney

Yates has chalked up an excellent record in the short few months he has been in Washington.

* * *

SPEAKING OF RIGHTING the wrongs committed thoughtlessly against one minority group or another—which often prove most embarrassing to the Government and liberty-loving people of the U.S. in their efforts to spread the concept of true democracy—there is the case of the American soldier of Mexican lineage, who was killed during the war and was denied burial in his home town in Texas. Pvt. Felix Longoria was killed in battle in the Philippines in 1945, but his body was brought back to this country for burial only recently. Longoria came from Three Rivers, Texas, where the local undertaker refused to handle the body because the soldier was of Mexican ancestry.

When word of this most hideous act of discrimination against one who had given his life for this country had reached Washington, the Army was instructed to bring the body here and to arrange for burial on the famous and dignified Pershing Hill in Arlington National Cemetery, on the banks of the Potomac. His mother, widow and other members of the family were brought here for the services at the government's expense. President Truman sent his military aide, Maj. Gen. Harry H. Vaughan, to represent him and console the family. The First Secretary of the Mexican Embassy came to pay his respects. Several members of Congress from Texas, including Senator Lyndon Johnson and Representative John E. Lyle, were there to prove that the bulk of the citizens of Texas condemn the insulting treatment accorded a dead war hero.

* * *

ANOTHER EVENT involving a war veteran—this one very much alive—recently served to point up the brand of citizenship and patriotism preached by the Daughters of the American Revolution, who became the laughing-stock of the

country for their isolationist and reactionary policies and their meddling in domestic and foreign affairs which are out of their province. The DAR meets in annual convention in Washington in April of every year, adopts its well-known resolutions which are of the same pattern year in and year out, and hands out Good Citizenship Awards.

It was, therefore, most embarrassing this year when just during the convention period the recipient of the Good Citizenship award in 1943, Warren B. Silver, a senior at the University of Maryland, returned the award on the grounds that the DAR's resolutions this year "are not the actions of good citizens." The local newspapers made quite a spread of the story and reprinted the letter which accompanied the returned medal. There must have been plenty of red faces that day among the noble ladies of the DAR when they read in stark horror these words by the young veteran:

"For the past six years I have read the newspaper accounts of the resolutions adopted by the DAR congresses. With your nose turned high in the air, you have stated that you are opposed to immigration, to health insurance and to international trade and labor organizations. In brief, the DAR opposes cooperation with those abroad and assistance for those in the United States. These are not the actions of a good citizen. Since I am a good citizen, it is my duty to return your Good Citizenship Medal as a protest against the poor citizenship your organization has shown."

If a few more recipients would be willing to part with the worthless medals and fling them back at the DAR, it might perhaps begin to dawn on them that their views and policies are badly in need of revision, that they are completely out of step with time and their country, and that by their actions they are actually debasing the honor and glorious ideals for which their ancestors of the revolutionary period stood.

RELATIONS BETWEEN the State of Israel—now in its second year of existence—and the United States have entered a period of normalization as between two independent and sovereign states. The State Department has acquired a more realistic outlook and approach to developments in the Middle East insofar as they concern Israel and its Arab neighbors. The U.S. is today primarily interested in maintaining peaceful relations in that area of the world and is therefore most anxious that the efforts of the UN Conciliation Commission to attain final peace between Israel and the Arab states be crowned with success.

Official opinion in Washington now is that the interests of this country and the interests of world peace generally can best be served by aiding the countries of the Middle East, particularly in developing their economy and agriculture. There is considerable interest here over the reported plan for economic aid to those countries, including Israel, in conjunction with President Truman's "new bold plan" enunciated last winter. Administration and congressional circles are reportedly working on this aid program for the Middle East and before long a bill will be presented in Congress to allocate somewhere between 50 and 100 million dollars to finance this program of development.

As for those phases of the plan which will apply to Israel, there is reason to believe that the Jewish State may well be among the first countries in the Middle East to benefit from this program by the realization of certain aspects of the Lowdermilk Plan which calls for the development of water power and irrigation. The theory is advanced that with a reasonable amount of aid to a small country like Israel quick results can be attained and Israel be held up as an example to other countries. Furthermore, it is argued, that the Jews of Israel form a cooperative element and will assure the success of any development project undertaken in their country.

BOOKS

Books reviewed in this issue may be purchased at the regular price through the Book Service Department of the CHICAGO JEWISH FORUM, 82 West Washington Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

Doctors of Infamy by Alexander Mitscherlich, M. D. Head of The German Medical Commission to U. S. Military Tribunal No. 1, Nuremberg, and Fred Mielke. Henry Schuman 165 pp. \$3.00.

This small but significant book gives an account, in concise form, of the trial at Nuremberg late in 1946, of twenty-three doctors and other high ranking scientists. The formal charges were:

1. War Crimes.
2. Crimes against Humanity, and
3. Membership in Criminal Organizations.

There is a foreward by Dr. Andrew C. Ivy, who served as a consultant at the trial. There is a statement by Telford Taylor, Chief of Counsel for War Crimes, and one by Lou Alexander, Psychiatrist, Consultant to the Secretary of War, and to the Chief of Counsel for War Crimes.

The defendants are accused of responsibility for a variety of incredible crimes, involving murderous and painful experiments on human beings—hundreds of thousands of them—slaughtered outright, or they died in the course of the tortures to which they were subjected.

The purpose of the trials was not only to punish the guilty, but to establish the events by clear and public proof so that no one can ever doubt that these events were fact and not fable.

The Nazis have to a certain extent, succeeded in convincing people that although their system was ruthless, it was scientific; although savage, it was efficient. The evidence shown at the trial exploded the myth. Their methods were neither efficient nor scientific. The creeping paralysis of the Nazi superstition spread through the German medical pro-

fession, and just as it destroyed character and morals, it dulled the mind.

The experiments were not motivated by a sincere desire to uncover unknown truths, not at all by any moral considerations, but rather by sinister, ulterior political and personal purposes, arising out of the requirements in the administration of the totalitarian state. Fear and cowardice—especially fear of punishment and ostracism by the group—are often more important motives than simple ferocity and aggressiveness.

The extent to which the Nazis succeeded in perverting public opinion may be seen as early as 1943. Shaltenbrand, a known neurologist published a book showing the most successful methods of transmitting monkey encephalitis to man, and so unaware is he of any wrong doing that he doesn't hesitate to send a copy of that book to Switzerland and the United States.

The witnessess give testimony to different types of experiments, some of which makes almost impossible reading, for it does not seem possible that human beings, much less doctors and scientists, could stoop to such low levels of barbarism and degeneracy.

People are thrown in ice water in their clothes, then all naked, and observations are then made for the best method of reviving them. The Nazis did not forget one sadistic method—namely putting the victim between two naked women.

Healthy women are anesthetized and their legs artificially broken to study the course of healing. Or, whole cultures of bacteria are injected into muscles to see how much pus could be formed.

The program of exterminating racial groups and undesirables by the quickest and least expensive methods is already

common knowledge. So that I feel no need to go into details about these painful subjects.

In the last statement, the authors give voice, however thin and distant, to the hope that perhaps there is an element in Germany that is capable of grasping the gravity of the crimes of which they were not entirely innocent by acquiescence or by silence. A sense of guilt—of collective guilt—pervades these statements, and this sense of guilt should be the first step before Germany could be permitted to take its place in the family of nations.

"To make amends is scarcely within our human powers, but to overcome error remains the worthiest task for weak and strong alike. It has been our purpose to keep those who do not shrink from the sweat and shame it takes to learn from history. . . . It is for their sake that we have taken on the arduous task of blazing a trail through the jungle of documents and frenzied statements. To disparage our guilt cannot be our concern, for we shall enjoy respect only if we have the strength to survive in the full knowledge of it; only if we have forever forfeited that respect on the part of our fellowmen, would life become no more worth living."

"We have shown the doom awaiting science that permits itself to be swept away by a political ideology, apparently in the direction of its own goal, to see itself suddenly engaged in the organization of murder."

"... It is this escape unto guardianship that ushers in dictatorship. Freedom, frivolously surrendered comes home to roost in the form of tyranny. Whoever squanders liberty earns only contempt. He finds soon enough under the heel of a tyranny that it holds him in the same contempt it teaches him for others."

Just how strong this voice is, is mere conjecture. Judging from the reports, it is not too strong, and it is yet a voice in the wilderness. What is more tragic, is that the occupying countries have done so little to encourage that voice.

DR. SAMUEL H. ROSENBLUM

The Days of Awe by S. Y. Agnon.
Schocken Books. 300 pp. \$3.50.

"Many times I have asked myself. . . . How is it possible for a holy nation on

these (High) holidays to nullify their sanctity by engaging in empty talk and secular conversation? There are men of knowledge whose attention is not distracted for a single hour from the essential character of these days; but what shall those plain people do who have not the ability to stand constantly on that lofty level which is reached only at the moment of communion with the Creator? When I reflected on this matter it occurred to me to compose an epic poem on the love of the Days of Awe, so that a man might read in this book during the periods of intermission, between one prayer and another, and thus arouse his spirit" (from the preface to the third Hebrew edition).

Thus did Shmuel Yosef Agnon approach one of the heart-breaking problems of contemporary Jewish religion, the degeneration of the Days of Awe with their epic liturgy and lofty spirituality into occasions for perfunctory rituals graced neither by learning nor true piety. He did not embody his original plan, however, for he felt too deeply his inadequacy to such a task. No individual can hope to compete, as it were, with the marvelous *Mahzor* of the High Holidays, that bridge built by generations of devotees to span the distance between the heart and God (in Prof. A. J. Heschel's poetic figure). Instead of an original creation, Israel's supreme classicist, chose a labor of love which culminated in his encyclopedic work, "Yamim Noraim." Originally published in 1938 in Hebrew by the Schocken Press of Jerusalem, this work has already gone through three editions in that language. Now it has been issued in an abridged English version by Schocken Books of New York.

Days of Awe is, in the publisher's words, "a treasury of traditions, legends and learned commentaries concerning Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and the days between." The volume is the result of omnivorous reading of all the traditional literature as it bears on the High Holidays. The selections were culled from over 300 volumes, old and new: Bible, Hellenistic literature, Mishnah, Gemara, the Midrashim, Codes, medieval philosophers, liturgical commentaries, Kabbalah, pietistic and ethical works, chronicles, travel books, homiletic works, Hasidic literature and others. Most of the

pieces have been set down as found; some have been summarized or reworked by Agnon, particularly when there are several versions of the same legend or tradition. Agnon has, however, so perfectly mastered the Rabbinic idiom that it would be quite impossible to determine from the style alone whether we are reading the original or a revision. It is regrettable (though perhaps inevitable) that the English translation has not been successful in capturing the peculiar quality of Rabbinic Hebrew. In their desire to preserve the concise simplicity of the original, the translators have utilized a literalness which sometimes borders on slavishness, e.g. "God, be exalted" for *Ha-Shem yithaleh*, or this sentence: "But when the Sabbath has a guest who is very great, than whom is none greater, that is the holy day, Yom Kippur—lo, it surrenders all its prayers and feasts too." (p. 197)

But the defects in translation are minor; on the whole the work is accurately and competently rendered. The chief criticism of the volume would appear to be this: can it possibly serve the purpose for which Agnon originally intended it? Can such a work arouse the flagging interest of the modern worshipper on the High Holidays when he finds the recitation of the lengthy and complex liturgy too much of a strain on his powers of concentration (and possibly credulity). It might serve this function for those who are already acquainted with the *Mahzor* and accept it. Such Jews may find great interest in the bare quotations from the rich traditional sources even though they remain unrelated to the religious experience of contemporary Jews. But for the typical American worshipper, who more often than not exhausts his annual religious absorptive capacity during these three Days of Awe, it is highly doubtful whether a mere translation of Agnon's great work can have any but archaeological significance. It is a moot question, of course, whether the traditional liturgy can deeply move modern Jews even after it has been transposed into the modern universe of discourse; One can come to an appreciation of the *Mahzor* and the ritual without personally identifying himself with it. But even this lesser achievement does

not seem probable as a result of perusing an anthology like *Days of Awe*.

The publishers of course make no claims of any kind as to what the book will accomplish. Yet one cannot help wonder, in view of Agnon's expressed purpose, just who except for rabbis and learned laymen is going to read this volume with profit. The problem of revitalizing worship in our synagogues and temples is a vastly complex one. No revised prayerbook or anthology or commentary will transform a perfunctory exercise into a relevant and meaningful spiritual experience. But if there is room for any commentary, then the High Holiday liturgy should certainly enjoy a high priority. There should be a concise running commentary in English, preferably published side by side with the Hebrew text and its translation, which would rework and reinterpret the traditional materials such as have been gathered into *Days of Awe*. The recently published American edition of Dr. Hertz's commentary on the Daily Prayer Book can serve as a model for a similar work which would reveal to the sophisticated modern the power and majestic beauty of the liturgy for the Days of Awe.

HERMAN KIEVAL

The Reconstruction of Humanity, by Pitirim A. Sorokin. Boston: The Beacon Press. 247 pp. \$3.00.

The reviewer is somewhat at a loss to say just why this book of Professor Sorokin's falls so flatly on his mind. Professor Sorokin denounces the failures of our civilization with the passion of a prophet. We are doomed to destruction unless we suffer a change of heart forthwith. Society is all bad. Religion, morals, the family—all have gone to pot. Annihilation looms. Unless we subdue our selfish natures and let our altruistic impulses have sway there is no hope. There is no health in us. Ours is "a sensate decadent" society.

Implicit in this criticism, and at times explicit, is the comparison with a better time—the Middle Ages—in which men's super consciousness, their intuitive awareness of God, was greater than now. For four centuries we have been growing away from a spiritual realization of existence and becoming more material,

sensual, and biological in our practises and point of view. Modern materialistic science and Freudian psychology are the measure of our fall. We must return to spiritual values and the study of the lives of saints and mystics, both Christian and Oriental.

The study of the saints and their spiritual experiences or the practise of Yoga disciplines would doubtless benefit most of us. That our society is unhealthy and bears within it the seeds of its own destruction is self-evident. Religion is no longer a vital force to the leaders of our thought—formal institutional religion that is. But that modern man is more "sensual"—by which the author seemingly means grossly sensual—than the medieval man is certainly highly questionable. Nor is our society "decadent" by comparison with medieval society. The spiritual middle ages were the sponsors, among other things, of the Crusades, those appalling pageants of superstition and cruelty. Consider the Children's Crusade as sufficient evidence of the lengths to which superstition and religious fanaticism can go.

If society avoids destruction of such civilization as we have it will be by no return to a mythical past. That it should pay more heed to its saints and sages who would deny? Professor Sorokin says we *must* do this and the other. But how? The imperative to righteousness and a more spiritual way of life there has always been. Prophets preaching destruction have been vindicated. Many great civilizations have perished as ours, too, may perish. But the hazardous way of salvation lies in no return to any other day even were it possible—as it is not. Were Christianity to become no more nor less than the social philosophy of Christ and the Sermon on the Mount it might indeed be the force in human lives which it should be. But will institutional religions reform themselves out of existence, strip themselves of ritual, creeds, and all material possessions? It is unlikely. They will sooner wither away. The "religion of humanity" slowly supplants them, it being the modern version of the Sermon on the Mount. Given time it may transform the churches themselves into the social agencies they should be and are not. Nor will we achieve salva-

tion by denying science. Science is a weapon in our hands to destroy disease and poverty and inequality. Or it can equally be used to our destruction. Perhaps the chief usefulness of Professor Sorokin's book is in reiterating the urgency of our choice. But his note is rather too shrill and hysterical and his evocation of history unsound. C. H. GRABO

Thresholds, A Trilogy in Yiddish, by Solomon Levadi. Yachidim Publishing Co. Three Vols., 861 pp. \$10.00.

"I have seen the past, and it doesn't exist any more," wrote Michael Blankfort recently in one of his series of articles published in *Congress Weekly*, under the title: "An American in Israel." That was Mr. Blankfort's figurative way of emphasizing the impact that the new forms of life, new attitudes, new ways of doing things, new mores and developments in the rejuvenated national homeland of the Jews made upon his sensibilities. In the depths of his mind the Land of Israel was associated with age-old traditions. But when he took a close look around in the little country he found the new so pervasive and dominant as to obscure the old virtually out of sight.

There is a significant connection between this and Solomon Levadi's impressive Yiddish trilogy, *Thresholds*. As a matter of fact, volume two of this three-volume novel is devoted to the depiction of the travail which the pioneers of the new beginning experienced in *Eretz Yisroel* just prior to and during World War I. Yet compared to the prevalent though rapidly changing tone and spirit in Israel today, the outlook and the way of life of the desperately struggling young intellectuals whom Levadi shows in a teachers' school in Jerusalem, in the then crude agricultural colonies, and in the Turkish Army are antiquated to the point of being not only of another age but also, so to speak, of another world. Incidentally Levadi portrays these young men, and at least one young woman, with a vividness, an incisiveness, a colorfulness, a combination of sympathy and irony which bring to mind the paintings of Marc Chagall.

In volumes one and three of the handsomely bound and handsomely printed

trilogy the old gets an even bigger play. It is, needless to say, not the old ways of Bible times but rather the old ways of the Diaspora, of the *Galuth*, of the pale of Czarist Russia. The life of the Jews in the Czar's empire, what with the stifling restrictions, the bloody pogroms, the self-imposed inhibitions, the medieval shadows, was on the whole certainly not enviable. Yet it did have its own peculiar charm and poetry, richness and strength. And now that hardly any of the old Jewish communities of that empire are left, now that they have been all but obliterated, it is well to have a spiritual and esthetic as well as factual record or portrayal of their customs and practices, ceremonies and sufferings, grandeur and narrowness, such as Levadi gives us with deep earnestness and human warmth.

At his best he rises to peaks of high art. However, much of his obviously autobiographical story is told on a plane of pedestrian narrative. Nevertheless, the book as a whole, since it so faithfully portrays the moral and intellectual conflicts that gave Jewish life in Czarist Russia and in Palestine its unique and historic significance during the closing years of the 19th century and the early years of the 20th, is of high value today and will remain so for the future. This is particularly true because these conflicts are presented against a background of daily life and are imbued with dramatic vitality in that they are brought out in relation to the struggle of very genuine human beings for a livelihood, a place in the sun, and the fulfillment of higher aspirations.

J. Z. JACOBSON

Freedom of Information, by Herbert Brucker. Macmillan Publishing Co. 307 pp. \$4.00.

Of complaints against the contemporary American press there have been several in recent years, the most notable being authored by George Seldes, Morris Ernst, Harold L. Ickes, the Nieman Fellows and the Commission on Freedom of the Press. Now comes the editor of the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*, formerly a professor of journalism at Columbia university, with the first attempt at a book-length answer.

Brucker begins with a demurrer. It is true, he admits, that our newspapers

have lost the confidence of a large number of readers, and altogether too many working newspapermen are foolish when they attempt to deny or ignore that fact. Even the controlled press of the Soviet Union, Brucker contends, has a more loyal readership than is true of most American papers.

Unlike Seldes, Ernst, Ickes and the other plaintiffs, however, Brucker believes the situation is improving rather than deteriorating. He reviews at length the venality of the American press in the late 18th and early 19th centuries when most papers owed undisguised allegiance to political parties. Rather than debase journalism, paid advertising during the past century has liberated publishers from political subservience, and a fine tradition of impartiality has developed in reporting and writing controversial news. "The tradition that the news be reported objectively is beyond question the most important development in journalism since the Anglo-Saxon press became free from authority," the author writes.

What is needed, Brucker insists, is spread of the same spirit to the editorial page, and he is optimistic that such will come about. "Freedom of information requires nothing more drastic than encouraging the natural growth that has already given us the tradition of objective reporting," he summarizes, after studied dismissal of a number of possible alternatives to the kind of press which now prevails, including municipal, yardstick, professionalized, adless, endowed, church and labor newspapers.

Any subsidization by government would lead to regimentation, Brucker contends; only *Reader's Digest*, a magazine, has achieved financial success on revenue from circulation only; the *Christian Science Monitor*, endowed and excellent, has only a small readership. In some of the most vitriolic passages in his book, Brucker lambasts the American Newspaper Guild for being a labor union and charges it with endangering the press with a biased viewpoint as bad as that which Paul Joseph Goebbels imposed upon the German press.

Because he admits many of the most serious charges commonly brought against the press, Brucker cannot be dismissed

as a hopelessly diehard advocate of laissez faire and drift. Rather, one hopes that his optimism is justified and that some of the worst evils, which he correctly claims are vestiges of an even worse journalism of the past, will rectify themselves. Correctly read this book could be an inspiration to some publishers to accelerate the process before the ranks of those who have lost faith become much larger. A press as fair and responsible as Brucker likes to think ours is or will become would have nothing to fear from government or any other source.

CURTIS D. MACDOUGAL

"Psychiatry and Religion" by 15 American Authorities. Edited by Joshua Loth Liebman. Beacon Press, Boston. 202 pp. \$3.00.

This is a collection, and like most collections is most uneven in its quality. It is hard to tell whether Rabbi Liebman simply did not have the time to give the book adequate blue-pencilling, or felt that in the early stages of better understanding between psychiatry and religion any manifestations of goodwill, even groping ones, should be welcome.

Very few of the contributors really come to grips with the actual manner in which psychiatry and religion may become allies in curing the illness of individual man, and thereby make him a more wholesome citizen of his community. There are stray implications and partial suggestions in abundance. Albert Deutsch, noted columnist, believes that the clergy can help by raising a hue and cry about the shameful conditions of our mental hospitals. He believes that, as keeper of the community conscience, the main burden of guilt for the primitive conditions that prevail in our state mental hospitals rests on the souls of the clergy. Father Otis F. Kelly, Priest of Saint John the Evangelist Parish, and Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association, believes that if the clergy does not learn to apply the best insights of psychiatry in their religious counselling and pastoral work, psychiatry will substitute for religion, and this the Priest (who is also a trained psychiatrist) believes would be a great calamity, since psychiatry cannot minister to the immortal soul or set man right with his God.

There are many other intimations that the broad-minded clergyman and the non-dogmatic psychiatrist can and should get along. No one, however, is bold enough to say that there is very little chance of helpful cooperation between the fundamentalist clergyman and the strictly Freudian psychiatrist.

The most helpful essay in this collection, to this reviewer, was the first, "Where Psychiatry and Religion Meet and Part," by Seward Hiltner, Executive Secretary of the Department of Pastoral Services of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. He indicates that there is a growing tendency for mental hospitals, private and public, to engage the services of a resident chaplain. He believes, also, that more psychiatrists are giving up their imperialistic attitudes and are willing to permit clergymen to assist in the cure of a patient. Fewer attempts are being made to divide responsibilities in some artificial fashion. It is recognized that in dealing with the human psyche, the whole being is involved and that, what is called the religious approach, may more effectively get to the deep roots of a mental conflict than the strict clinical approach. "As we concentrate on the need of our group, we find that the resources brought out to meet it are neither psychiatry nor religion nor social work nor anything else alone, but something bearing traces of them all."

Helpful in the extreme is the wisdom in this paragraph of warning:

"Psychiatry and religion part too when they relinquish trying to understand each other. If a psychiatrist says conscience is often a doubtful asset, the clergyman ought to know what is meant and commend it, even though he may suggest sharpening up conscience so as not to imply non-concern for ethics. If a clergyman says men must recognize their sinfulness before salvation is possible, the psychiatrist ought to know what this means, even though cautioning against identification of the fact of sin with a sense of guilt. The understanding needed is more than semantic, of course. To clergymen, the denominationalism of current psychiatry and psychoanalysis is as confusing as religious denominationalism is to many psychiatrists. Yet neither is without reason or value; and psychiatry, even as the churches, has under way something like an ecumenical movement."

Man cannot be an effective nor an happy citizen until he learns properly to love himself, his neighbor, and his God. While psychiatry may wisely concentrate

on the first of these levels and the religionist on the third, the area where both meet and have their highest significance, social interrelatedness, is the area where both the religionist and the psychiatrist and many other social technicians must labor understandingly together.

JACOB J. WEINSTEIN

Yokohama, California, by Toshio Mori. The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 166 pp. \$3.00.

This collection of short stories is not the first literary work of an American-born Japanese to be published in this country. But by all odds, it has turned out to be the most publicized. It pulls up the living room shade and lets us look right inside the homes of our wartime exiles—the Japanese Americans of the West Coast. This book is about them, by one of them. But it apparently was not written primarily for them.

Its author is a modest young San Leandro (California) nurseryman, who seems as naive as he is warm in human compassion. Toshio Mori is no grammarian who can walk straight through poetry without obstruction to the root of words. He has the infinite heart of the poet. He is too busy seeking reality to find the laws of grammar. While poor literary craftsmanship and notably bad grammar get in the way occasionally, they somehow fail to diminish the charm and appeal of the human drama unfolded in *Yokohama, California*.

For anyone curious at all as to how it feels to be a Japanese American living in the United States, this book offers some revealing insights. But, curiously enough, save for one of the weakest pieces in the book, entitled "Slant-Eyed Americans," the whole collection tells less about Japanese Americans in particular and much much more about human beings in general.

For example, all of us will see in the terrible ordeal of aging Nakagawa-san, who loses his job and small security to the youthful George in the story, "The Chessmen," a strangely familiar—yet ever recurring—human tragedy.

William Saroyan, in an enthusiastic introduction to the book, pays deference to the author's grammatical atrocities, then stands off to view the whole person:

"In spite of all this, Toshio Mori is

probably one of the most important new writers in the country at the moment. He is a natural-born writer."

Lewis Gannett of the New York Herald-Tribune concurred: "These are stories of sunlit loneliness. After so many slick imitations of slick writing, this fresh voice rings like a bird song in the night."

Larry Tajiri, Japanese American editor of the *Pacific Citizen*, finds in the author's work "a human quality and a reservoir of sympathy toward his fellow man. The people in his stories are the people in your family and the friends next door. They are the grocer on the corner and the nurseryman down the street. Their names are Yamada and Noda and Ishimoto, but they could be Jones and Brown and Smith."

This is not a momentous book. It is neither angry, world-shaking, nor portentous. It is not particularly significant in terms of our headline-making problems. But it will surely entertain you and leave you we venture to say, somehow glad that you read it.

TOGO W. TANAKA

The Authorized Daily Prayer Book with commentary by Joseph F. Hertz, Bloch Pub. Co., New York. 1120 pp. \$5.00.

In 1914, Dr. Israel Abrahams, a great Jewish scholar attached to the University of Cambridge, England, carried into effect a hope of the late Rev. S. Singer, of annotating the *Daily Prayer Book*, used by British Jewry, and compiled by Dr. Singer on the basis of a great earlier edition of the *Daily Prayer Book* by a German scholar named S. Baer, who compiled the book of Prayers which he called "Seder Abodath Israel," and which was published in 1868. This volume has become the basic source for prayer books since its appearance.

Dr. Abraham's notes, scholarly in the highest degree, became a great aid to those who wished to have a better and fuller understanding of the Orthodox Prayers. The purpose of his notes was to increase the devotional value of the prayers by explaining them, showing their meanings, and give their historical settings. Hebrew was frequently used by Abrahams, but it was largely translated so that it could be understood by those who were interested. Where several ex-

planations were possible, Abrahams gave the one he preferred or thought authoritative. The result of his efforts was to make the Prayer Book a more effective spiritual source of devotion for those who used it.

Now, a new revised edition of the Daily Prayer Book has been published, with new and copious notes and explanations, by the late Chief Rabbi of the British Empire, Dr. Joseph H. Hertz. It is a vast treasury of information and explanation. Dr. Hertz was not as great a scholar as Israel Abrahams, but he has rendered a notable service in the compilation before us.

It is a great pity that the Orthodox Prayer Book, whether it is the British Edition or some American edition, of which there have been many, has fallen into desuetude. Only those who are familiar with this monument to Israel's religious treasures realize how much modern Jewry—American Jewry particularly—has lost by the rejection of the spiritual jewels of our faith. The late Dr. Emil G. Hirsch taught that one who does not know the Prayer Book, cannot know the real spirit and feeling of the Jewish faith. That does not mean that Dr. Hirsch believed or advocated that everything that one read in the Prayer Book is to be believed. But it does mean that in the Prayer Book one finds the essential spirit and the popular word that symbolize the devotion, the consecration, the faith, the insights, the attitudes, the hopes and the aspirations of our people throughout the years that are represented by the various component parts of this spiritual treasure, unique in the category of religious literature.

Many a soul could find quiet, composure, comfort, faith and hope in this so-much rejected symbol of "the past," as some who do not know the Prayer Book call it. Many a disturbed human could find peace in its pages; many a mind filled with misgivings and doubts could find an anchor of hope in the prayers, psalms, meditations, hymns and observations that compose it. It is not for nought that it has occupied a place of paramount importance in the religious life of our people—and that it has always held a sanctified spot in the consciousness of the professing Jew. It indeed has been the

"Gate to the communion of Israel with its Father." It is an inexhaustible fountain of spiritual food. It was the vade mecum of the masses of the House of Israel. It was—and for some is yet—"a daily companion;" and the whole drama of earthly existence—its joys and sorrows; work-days, Sabbaths, historic and solemn Festivals; birth, marriage and death—are sanctified by its formulae of devotion."

As one who is not an adherent of Orthodox Judaism, I say that one does not necessarily have to subscribe to the theology or to the points of view one finds in many of the component parts of this Prayer Book to find wholesome spiritual satisfaction in much of it. One can, even in those sections to whose ideologies one may not, as a child of today, subscribe, find spiritual insights that are invaluable for our days of comfortless bewilderment. One has the constant feeling, while reading this volume with its excellent notes, that every intelligent Jew ought to read it—regardless of its outmoded theology for a modernist, or its emphasis on certain aspects of Jewish life. One ought to read it because no other work has been so much a part of Jewish life, has so influenced Jewish tradition, and has so united the Jewish people, as the Siddur.

Dr. Hertz called this work "Seder Tefiloth Kol Hashanah"—"The Authorized Daily Prayer Book." In its 1145 pages it contains the Week Day Service, The Services for Sabbaths and Festivals, the Life of man—a section on the rituals for various occasions that form a part of Orthodox Jewish life, such as the blessings for various occasions and foods, redemption of the first-born, laws of mourning, burial service, covenant of Abraham, and many other customs. Each section is prefaced by a historical introduction, so that one gets a good idea of the history, meaning and significance of the content of these sections. There are excerpts from Jewish moralists, thousands of notes explaining the meanings and giving historical explanations of the text. There is a fifteen page introduction to the whole, entitled "The Jewish Prayer Book," divided into five very interesting sections, viz: Its Paramount Importance; Prayer; The Synagog; The Liturgy; and The History of the Liturgy. One of the most interesting and instructive sections is that

on the "Pirke Aboth, The Saying of the Fathers."

Dr. Hertz did not live to complete this excellent volume. But there can be no doubt about the fact that this new authorized revised and annotated edition of the Prayer Book will fulfill his hope "that his labours lead to deepening of devotion in the tents and sanctuaries of Israel in English speaking lands," certainly among those who are followers of the Orthodox tradition.

G. GEORGE FOX

Saadia Gaon: The Book of Beliefs and Opinions. Translated from the Arabic by Samuel Rosenblatt. Yale University Press. \$5.00.

The basic problem that has confronted Jewish philosophers from the time of Philo down to the present day has been the reconciliation of current rationalism and scientific knowledge with the teachings of Judaism as transmitted by tradition.

This is the problem that faced Saadia, a little over a thousand years ago. He was born in Egypt in 882 but travelled to Babylon where he became the Gaon of the famous academy at Sura. Here he wrote works on many aspects of Judaism including grammatical, exegetical, apologetic and philosophical works. His chief philosophical work, in which he endeavoured to prove the rational basis of Judaism, is 'The Book of Beliefs and Opinions' of which Samuel Rosenblatt has now provide the first complete English translation.

Saadia lived in Moslem countries at a time when there was considerable intellectual ferment among Arab thinkers. There had been transmitted to them a Greek tradition, based partly on the writings of Plato and Aristotle, but largely influenced by the later Greek writers, especially Plotinus, and they were endeavoring to relate this rational tradition with their own tradition of revelation—the Koran. The works of these Arabic thinkers were familiar to Saadia who, for his part, set out to show the relation of this rational tradition (which exercised a powerful influence on the Jews of his day) with the Jewish tradition of revelation—the Torah.

Although a considerable proportion of

Saadia's writings is directed against the Karaites, his philosophical works are 'non-party.' He wrote to guide all Jews through the labyrinth of sects and beliefs that existed in those days. He allows four bases of knowledge—sense, perception, reason, logical inference and tradition—on which he builds his philosophical system.

Some aspects of Saadia's philosophy are related to contemporary beliefs and opinions and their interest is mainly historical. Much however remains topical and of value today. Saadia does not build up any particular philosophical system. His concern is the strengthening of Judaism and the combatting of external beliefs which were permeating Jewish thought and sapping its vitality. He does not however rely on justification by faith alone. He holds that there is no conflict between Reason and Faith; and where the two appear to conflict, it is due to a misguided interpretation of Reason, or an unnecessarily narrow reliance on Faith.

Samuel Rosenblatt's translation—which is the first of an important new series published by Yale University Press—is a very valuable addition to the growing numbers of English translations of Jewish classics. It is accurate, careful and reads well; and its value is enhanced by comprehensive indices. It is however unfortunate that notes and explanations have been omitted, except for a brief introduction and cursory footnotes dealing almost entirely with linguistic details. There are many statements that must remain obscure to the reader who is not versed in the literature of the period and some explanatory notes should have been included. It is to be hoped that this omission will be remedied in further volumes of this series which has been launched so auspiciously.

GEOFFREY WIGODER

Shalom Means Peace by Robert St. John. Doubleday & Co. 327 pp. \$2.95.

Since the first Basel Congress in 1897, and, long before, the fight of the Jew for a national home, for statehood, fired the imagination of the writer. Ahad Ha-am in Odessa and Theodore Herzl in Vienna, laid the foundation for an ever intensified interest with the biblical land of Palestine. The scientist and the fiction writer, the

amateur and the professional wrote of the opportunities and the character of the country the Jew sought to conquer for the salvation and the survival of his people.

More so within the last decade or two and, particularly since the advent of Hitler focused the attention of the world upon the escape from the crematories, anywhere. The Jew's tenacity to build upon barren sand and till harsh and unfriendly soil was looked upon everywhere sympathetically and yet sceptically. But the settlers persisted and at the end of the World War II the conflict of the Jew with an imperialistic and calculatingly callous England became headline morsels for a world inured to regard sensationalism as its daily fare. A formidable literature on the subject of Palestine is now the property of the civilized world.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of Chaim Weizmann's thrilling memoirs, *Trial and Error* there has appeared St. John's *Shalom Means Peace*. The first president of Israel's book is an imperishable document without which posterity will have been at a loss to understand fully much that has transpired to make of a dream a glad fact. St. John, a journalist and a keen reporter helps us fully to appreciate the Israel that is in being and, currently, in a vigorous process of asserting itself.

Much that is amusing and tragic emerges from the pages of *Shalom Means Peace*. It is a book about people and

their struggles and sacrifices to conquer nature and undo the duplicity and the cruelty of man. It is a roving correspondent's story to tell of what he saw and, upon observing, interpret the phenomenon. St. John tells of the young and the old in the new land, of the newcomers and the veterans who stem from all parts of the world and of their amazing and prodigious feats in support of the new state. The author visited Palestine when the country was at war with the Arabs and much of his narrative is done against the background of events where a people were engaged in a life and death struggle to conquer or die. St. John reveals, too, much that has been little known of the Israeli and their relations with the Arab; of the steady and cruel hostility of the British; of the machinations of the internationalists to control for selfish interest the Middle East's most precious asset—oil. The book abounds in provocative narratives of many incidents which limn for the reader the vast canvas which is contemporary Palestine. An excellent reportage job, it contains interviews with the most important leaders in contemporary Israel and it tells much of the philosophy that underlies their thinking and deeds. The author was ubiquitous and there has escaped him little that lights up for us the panorama that is Palestine, today. *Shalom Means Peace* is a competent and a convincing record of an honest eye witness' experiences.

BENJAMIN WEINTROUB

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Bd Per. Den.

